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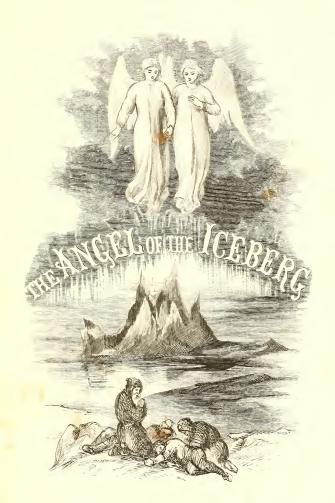
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# The Angel of the Aceberg:

AND

### OTHER STORIES,

Illustrating Great Moral Truths.

DESIGNED CHIEFLY FOR THE YOUNG.

BY JOHN TODD.

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#### PREFACE.

There is an objection in the minds of some, to presenting religious truths in the form of Allegory or Parable. But even those who make this objection, would probably be most ready to acknowledge the impressions which have been made upon their own minds, by the story of the Prodigal Son, and the dream of John Bunyan, and that in these cases, at least, Truth is arrayed in a very effective and beautiful dress.

In issuing the following Illustrations

of great Truths from the press, I would acknowledge some of them to be written by one of my children. Which these are, is not revealed by the mere fact of prose or verse.

To the approbation of Him, at whose feet I would humbly lay every attempt at usefulness, I would commend this little volume.

PITTSFIELD, May, 1859.

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I.

The Angel of the Aceberg.

My young readers will find in this story,

That the human heart is, by nature, cold and frozen;

That the skill of no created being can make the heart good;

That no labor or toil can do it;

That we must despair of any help but in Divine Power; and

That the Holy Spirit can melt the heart and make man a new creature.

## The Angel of the Iceberg.

---1961---

FAR, far up towards the north pole, in the gloom of the long winter, during which not a ray of sunlight fell on all the dreary region, were a number of poor, freezing men, who lay down to die. Their ship had been crushed amid the ice, their provisions all destroyed, and without fire or wood, weary and exhausted, they knew that here they must die. They gathered in a circle on the cold snow, shook each other by the hand, spoke a few words about their homes and friends whom they were never to see again, and then asked their commander to offer up one more prayer for them. He was a tall, noble-looking, white-haired old

man of seventy, and as he knelt down on the snow, and lifted up his frozen hands to heaven, he poured out a simple, child-like prayer for the friends whom they had left, for the country which they loved, and then asked mercy for those whose spirits would all meet in eternity in a few hours. Before he had finished his prayer, some of his companions had sunk into that deep sleep from which there is no awaking. With tears rolling and freezing on his cheeks, he laid his own head down on the drifted snow, and slept also! The cold clouds hung far round the horizon, with here and there a bright star that looked down on the frozen men. The polar bear passed near, with his heavy tread, and the wild fox stole over the ice after him, but disturbed not the sleepers.

Just then two spirits stood, with folded wings, looking at the icy men, and silent as they gazed. They had come from a far-distant world to catch the last prayer of the dying ones, to close their eyes in death, and to see that their bodies were safely buried from the wild beasts. The prayer they had poured into the golden censer: their eyelids they had gently shut, and their bodies were then placed so far down under deep, eternal snows, that no created eye could ever see them, till the morning of the resurrection. The keen-scented bear knew not when he passed over them.

"We have done our errand," says one of the spirits to the other. "Shall we now leave this dreary spot, and go back?"

"I suppose we must; but I have been thinking—"

Just then a noise was heard, so loud and so sudden that it startled the angels. It seemed as if a world had fallen into the sea. They peered through the gloom, and saw that it was the end of a mighty river

of ice, which had been growing and crowding and pushing for years, till it had now reached the ocean. Here it slowly slid into the water, till the huge mass broke off, with a crash that made the earth quake, and the ocean to foam and roar as if convulsed with agony. It now lay rolling and rocking, rising and falling in the water,—a great iceberg, two miles long and a mile wide, and towering far up towards heaven. It had just been born.

"Ah! that's the way the icebergs are made! How grand it floats! And there are thousands and thousands of such stretching off far beyond where the eye can see! But of what were you thinking?"

"I was thinking that it is these awful icebergs that make these waters so certain to crush the ship, and these regions so sure to be the grave of all that come here. Who knows what a summer might be found here, and what fleets of ships might sail here, and what beauty might spread over all these shores, what birds with the plumage of Paradise might sing here, what cities might rise up and what nations might live here, were it not that these terrible icebergs destroy everything? I do believe that only one thing is wanting to make this a lovely spot,—and that is to melt away these icebergs! And I do believe I could contrive some way to do it, and thus turn them into fruitful showers, and make them blessings. I should like to try it!"

"Stay here a moment, Brother," said the one, "and I will return to you."

With that, quick as thought, on his wings of strength, he was entering the third heavens. In another instant he was back again. "Brother," said he, "thou hast thy desire. The Eternal Father commits these icebergs all to thee! Thou art to contrive and ex-

ecute a plan of melting each one, as fast as it is born, till all are gone, and the great open sea washes green shores, and Beauty spreads her mantle over all, and Fertility touches every nook and corner of the land with her wand, and makes it fruitful. Thou mayest have centuries, — such as they measure here, — in which to do it, only the Eternal Father directs thee to begin with that iceberg which has just been plunged into the sea, and when every particle of that one is melted, thou wilt take another. . Fare thee well, dear Brother. Bright will be thy wings and radiant thy face when thou shalt return and say, it is all done! I must hasten away to do my bidding."

They then embraced each other as only angels can embrace,—and the angel, who now took the name of Ice-melter, stood alone. And now, how elastic his step! How buoyant his hope! He had an angel's

wisdom and strength,—and ages in which to work! The storms and the cold and the sunless heavens and the long night would not trouble him,—for he was a spirit. And how glorious the mission,—to turn all that dreary, awful region into the garden of the Lord! At once he flew, and alighted on the great iceberg, like a bird, and began to sing in his joy:—

"Old Winter's king
Abroad doth fling
His mantle of cold;
But Winter shall die,
And the leaden sky
Shall turn into gold.

"Where the iceberg swims,
Where the storm-bird skims,
Fleets shall sail;
Where the walruses play,
In the freezing spray
Nets shall trail!

"Where the north light streams
And the wave darkly gleams
And the strong winds roar,
Shall the maiden's boat
In safety float
As she plies her oar!

"Where the white bear prowls
And the wild wolf howls,
Shall gardens bloom;
Rich harvests shall spring
And the birds shall sing
Over winter's tomb.

"No longer begirt
With an icy skirt
And in fetters bound,
Old ocean shall flow
In a golden glow
The world around!

"With music and song
I'll labor along
And my time beguile,
Till the iceberg's grave
The sweet waters shall lave,
And my Father shall smile!"

Then Ice-melter sprang to his feet and began to examine his floating home. He found it composed of many huge blocks of ice, as they were broken and crushed in the moving river, but now all frozen, solid and firm. It was a mighty mass. He mounted it, and followed its peaks shooting far up towards heaven. He dove under it, and found it seven times as deep down in the water as it was above it. The bottom was by far the largest part, far down out of sight. He felt of it, and it was hard and cold and smooth. He shouted to it, but there was no echo or response.

"Ah!" says he, "I will make my first trial, and see if I cannot melt you!"

So he flew away to the south, far south, till he came to a land where there was a little wood. Carefully he gathered every little, dry stick, and tied them up in a tight bundle, which he carried to his iceberg. Day

and night for years he carried sticks and laid them down in piles on his iceberg. In these years, his iceberg had drifted off a few miles, and was again wedged in fast. At length, after unmeasured patience and toil, he hoped he had collected wood enough to melt the ice. For ten years he had done nothing but gather sticks. So he brought moss and leaves, and set them on fire and stood anxiously waiting to see the result. At first, the fire snapped and sparkled and blazed up high, so that the tops of the icebergs, for a hundred miles round, were tipped with light, and gleamed like silver. The winds blew, and up went the crackling flames; but soon all the wood was burned out, except the sticks which touched the ice, and which were at once hissing and smoking till they went entirely out!

When all was over, poor Ice-melter went to examine the results. He found that his wood, enough to load a dozen navies, had all burned out, and the air was no warmer, and the fire had only melted a small place on the ice, where the waters had run a little way, when they froze up again, like tears turned into ice, before they had fairly left the eyes. Where his fire had been, he saw only a black, unsightly scar, upon the ice.

"Well, well," said he, "I am disappointed! I thought that so much dry wood and such a great blaze would warm the air so as to melt half the icebergs in sight, and I thought that this would melt, and the waters almost boil where it lay! Instead of that, it is already frozen up again, and the dark, cold night again settles down upon it all, and my ten years of labor is all lost. I had no idea that air and water were so hard to warm, or the ice to melt. Never mind; I have learned something, and I trust I shall be quite successful next time!"

It was now the arctic summer. The sun just swung round above the horizon, and though it was still dreary, yet light had come, and light is everywhere beautiful and carries beauty with it. Ice-melter determined to take advantage of the arctic summer. So away he sped to the land of giants, where they work on an anvil so huge, that a ship of war could not carry one, and where a volcano was the fire at which each one worked. Here, by great promises, and by telling them what a glorious work was to be done, he obtained a great army of giants. Each one was as tall as a mountainpine, and carried a hammer with a handle as long as the mast of a ship, and a head on the handle so heavy, that it would break open a great rock as if it were an egg. When they were all on the iceberg, marshalled in a row, with their coats off and their sleeves rolled up, impatient to begin,

Ice-melter thought he would make a little speech to them. "My friends," said he, "I want to clear this great sea of all this ice. I have been at work here alone for ten years; I have tried wood and fire, but, somehow or other, the ice seems to put out the fire, and the heat seems to flow off in the wind, and I have lost my labor. But you, giants, with those brawny arms, and those huge hammers, will, in a single year, I doubt not, destroy all this ice, and pound these mountains till they sink out of sight for ever. Ye are the very men for it!"

The giants gave a loud shout, and their leader, who could have tossed a yoke of oxen over the river, made signs to begin, and led them in a song, keeping time with their hammers:—

"Let Ice-melter know
The waters shall flow
Where Winter now reigns;

The giants are here,—
Their deeds shall appear
In breaking his chains.

"So heave up the hammer,
With shout and with clamor,
For one short year;
When the ocean shall roll
From pole to pole,
And ice disappear.

"Now clip, clip, clip,
And shiver the chip,
Till all is gone;
We will hammer away
Through the long summer day,
And the winter's dawn.

"Each lofty peak
Shall suddenly break
As we hammer and pound
The ice shall clatter,
The winds shall scatter
The fragments around.

"Patiently strike
All the hammers alike,
For the ice is brittle;
With every blow
It will sink below,
Little by little.

"So clash, clash, clash,
The ice we smash,
And beat it to powder:
So heave up the hammer
With shout and with clamor,
And sing ever louder!"

And sing they did; and toil they did; but, alas! whoever undertook something new, without finding it more difficult than they expected? Their hammers were found to be so smooth, that they would glance off the ice and hit one another; and many a broken arm had to be mended and healed. Then the cold made the handles of their hammers so brittle that they broke easily,

and it took them about half of their time to mend the handles. Then the glare of the ice, as it flew in fragments, made them blind, so that they could not see one another, and they as often hit one another as the ice. At the end of the summer, it seemed as if they had made some impression, and that if the summer would only linger a little longer, and if they could have strength to work a little harder, the iceberg would be conquered; but just then came on a drizzling rain, with sleet, and then it all froze up for the long winter, as hard as ever! The ice was all there. They had only brought down a few of the lower peaks; while the great mass under water was untouched. So they hammered for ten long years; and then, as the result of the rains and the snows, the iceberg was actually larger than when they began! Poor Ice-melter was discouraged, and took his giants back to their country,

all dissatisfied and ready to throw their hammers at him because they had not succeeded better.

Thus, in one way and another, with one plan after another, Ice-melter toiled on through years and centuries. He was never out of temper, never impatient, never idle. At one time, he felt that he must begin at the very bottom of the iceberg and work upwards, since the top increased faster than he could wear it away. So he went to the forests of Norway and procured the longest levers he could, and brought props on which to place his levers, and then he would pry, first at one corner and then at another; now plunge his lever under one side, and then under another. But his lever broke, or it slipped off, or the prop slid away, or if it did neither, he found that he could not move the great mass of ice.

At one time, a terrible storm came on, and the different icebergs were floating and heaving and crashing and grinding one another with awful force. In the midst of it, he saw a ship driven in among the ice. The men who crowded her decks, helpless and terror-smitten, ran hither and thither, shouting, blaspheming, or praying. She came close to the spot where Ice-melter stood, and he was just stretching out his hand to save some of them, when the two great mountains of ice rolled together, and in an instant the ship was crushed as if she were the egg of a robin. One single shriek of woe mingled with the storm, and all was hushed where the ship lay. "O," said the angel, "if I could only melt these icebergs away!"

In the mean time the iceberg was slowly drifting southward. In the course of several centuries it had moved several hundred miles from the place of its birth. All this while the faithful angel had worked at it and tried to melt it. At one time he struck upon the plan of melting it by coverings. So he hunted the earth over. and brought the most costly and the warmest furs anywhere to be found. Next to the ice he laid the richest furs, and then others on them, till he had covered the iceberg and piled them up as far as the eye could see. "Now," says he, "I will sweat and melt you!" For fifty years he tried the artificial, fur-smothering system. But alas! at the end of that time, he found the furs sticking to the ice, and all only going to make the iceberg larger and higher!

At another time he went to the sea-shore and collected a mountain of pure sand, which he melted, and out of which he made a great burning-glass. It was as far

round it as a man could well walk before breakfast. With untold labor he carried his glass safely to his iceberg, and then reared huge poles with pulleys and cranes by which to raise it up and poise it; but the poles broke, and the winds whirled the glass round, and, what had not occurred to poor Ice-melter, the rays of the sun had no heat in them, and when he gathered the cold, sickly rays through his glass, they were able only to melt here and there a little hole in the ice, where the water ran from one to the other, and then at once froze up again. At last, in a furious wind, his burning-glass was dashed and broken into a thousand fragments. Icemelter only sighed. He saw it was a failure, and made no lamentations over it.

At length, after ages of toil, and after exhausting every faculty, the time-worn angel became utterly discouraged. He was convinced that he had undertaken what he could never accomplish. At the hour of prayer, therefore, he came and knelt on the edge of the iceberg, and thus poured out his heart:—

"O Father! I come to mourn and to weep,
And cover my face like an infant asleep!
I have toiled in the snows and the ice-built home,
Where the bear and the sea-horse wallow and roam;
I have winged my way o'er the land and the sea,
To make the proud iceberg bow down to me!

"O, arrogant one! how little I knew,
As beaming with hope from the heavens I flew!
As ages have gone, I have learned at length
How small is my wisdom, how weak is my strength.
In the chambers profound of the lonely deep
I can hush the murmuring shells to sleep!
I can dive under mountains, or far below
Where the fires volcanic rage and glow!
I can hold in my hand the vial of wrath,
And pour it abroad in the plague's dread path!
I can kindle the flames when the lightnings flash,
And ride on the surf when the breakers dash!

I can move in the storm and sprinkle the hail,
Or brandish on high the comet's long tail!
I can pour from my horn the crystal light,
When the brightness of sunset melts into night;
I can sing with the stars as they dance away,
Flashing by night and extinguished by day!
I can walk the sun's rays as they beam from afar,
And leap in my strength from star to star!

"O Father Eternal! with wisdom endue!
I cannot, I cannot the iceberg subdue!
'T is smooth to the touch, and bright to the view,
But 't is cold, and 't is frozen, all the way through!
I have toiled with my hand, I have toiled with my wing,

But still it floats on,—a cold, frozen thing! It hears not my call, it feels not my blow, It weeps not again when my tears overflow! O Father Eternal! the work must be thine! I humble myself, and my task I resign!"

"There is a river in the ocean," — a great, wide, deep river. It runs thousands of miles. Its waters are deep blue and very

warm. They never alter. It comes from the middle of the earth and runs north through all the ocean. The water is so warm, and the color is so different from the rest of the ocean, that men can see the line and know the moment they have struck the river. It is as old as creation, and the work of God himself.

er, had his iceberg long been floating. Even while he was offering his sad prayer, it had entered the river. In a moment he felt that the air was becoming warm and balmy. He heard the ripple of the waters around his floating mountain, and heard the ice cracking, and in small flakes drop off. He saw that a power was at work at the bottom, and not on the top merely, and that this power was to conquer. It made no noise. It embraced the iceberg like a loving mother, and that creature of

storms and of winters, which neither giants nor angels could melt or break, gently melted away, as if going to sleep in its warm cradle. One by one, the lofty peaks began to settle down, and the great mass to grow less and less. With the deepest interest the angel watched it as it floated gently in the current of the river, till at last only one of its pinnacles stood out of water, and then it was gone! He watched a little longer, and saw his iceberg emerging in a new form from the deep. It now rose up in the shape of a beautiful white cloud, on its way to the shore, to carry the refreshing shower, and to be a wide blessing, instead of a cold and useless thing.

The Toiler had permission now to leave his post and go back to heaven. He had thoroughly learned a new lesson of the weakness of the creature, and of the wisdom and power of God. As he hovered for a moment longer over the spot where his iceberg sank, he broke out again in song:—

"Joy! joy! joy!
I hold in my hands
The golden sands
Of joy and song:
The creature is weak
As words can speak,
But God is strong!

"The ice defies
The arm that tries
With all its powers;
But God can make
The iceberg break,
And turn to showers.

"O God-like river,

Like Him the giver

Of life and glory,—

For ever flow
While the world with snow
And ice is hoary!

"I leave thee now
In heaven to bow,
My crown to cast;
While thee I praise
And a song I raise,
As in ages past!

"And now I rise
To cleave the skies
With outspread wing, —
To float in light,
And hail the sight
Of the world's Great King!"

## II.

Riblan the Great and the Little Angel.

The instruction intended in the following story is,

That God is a Great King;

That he is everywhere present;

That he can use the feeblest creature to do his will;

That nothing is too great or too small for his care and providence; and

That the creature that is doing his will must be, and will be, happy in his work.

## Riblan the Great and the Little Angel.

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NIBLAN THE GREAT was walking in his garden one day, in the ancient city of Babylon. The gardens were built and laid out upon immense piles of building, which towered up far above the surrounding houses, and were therefore called "The Hanging Gardens," because, at a distance they seemed to overhang the city. They were not simply little plats of flowers, but they extended over acres of ground, and were filled with every kind of plant that could be made to grow in that climate. Tall trees overhung the breastwork of the buildings, and shaded the marble walks, while fragrant shrubs and blooming flowers of every kind were mingled in the richest profusion. Here the orange-tree filled the air with the fragrance of its blossoms, and there the fig and the pomegranate gave token of a bountiful harvest of fruit. Here and there, too, were beautiful fountains throwing up jets of water in curious figures, and covering the leaves with their spray. Through all the gardens rare and beautiful birds delighted the eye with the brilliancy of their plumage, and the ear with the melody of their songs.

In these gardens Niblan the Great was walking, snuffing the fragrance which hung upon the wings of the air, and looking off over the vast city which lay stretched out beneath him farther than he could see. And he was thinking with pride what a great king he was. "Here," said he, talking aloud to himself, "is Babylon"

which I found built of brick, and now it is of marble. I found it small and narrow, and now I cannot see its walls. My kingdom reaches to the ends of the earth. From the Great Sea on the West, from the unknown regions of the North and East, and from the deserts of the South, all nations send deputies to pay me homage. They bring me the gold of Ophir, the silks of Persia, the incense of Arabia, and the traffic of my people extends to the end of the world. The wisest of men stand among my counsellors, but they bow to my mandates. The richest of mankind cannot compete with me in profusion of expenditure. There is no luxury which is not at my command, and no prince that does not tremble at my word, and now I am planning to \_\_"

At this point of his self-gratulations, Niblan the Great was startled at hearing a clear, but soft and tiny voice singing. Looking around to see who it was that dared thus to intrude upon his privacy, he could at first see no one. But looking a little closer, he espied a little creature, having exactly the figure of a man, except that it had wings. It was standing on the lip of the petal of a large white lily. It was no taller than a finger's length, and so light that the lily seemed not to bend under his weight. He carried in his hand a little staff, with which he seemed to beat time as he sang:—

"Lilies bright their bells are ringing,
Roses white their odors flinging,
Elfin Sprite his hymn is singing;
Oh! why am I away?
Day and night I'm always winging,
Heart's delight and gladness bringing;
Life and light around me springing;
Oh! why then should I stay?

Pleasure's hours will soon be flying, Beauty's flowers are always dying, Then be ours an earnest trying, Always to obey!"

Niblan the Great stood regarding the little elf with astonishment. But surprise turned into violent rage when the little creature ceased singing, and cried out, "Uncle Nib! Uncle Nib! you are a great fool!"

At this Niblan the Great was so overcome with passion, that he actually put out his finger and thumb to pinch the little elf out of existence. But he darted away to a blossom of the oleander, far above the reach of the enraged potentate, where he continued his song, rocking himself back and forth, like a bird in his little cradle:—

" With airy spring,
And gossamer wing,

Over the world I float; Swiftly borne By the hot monsoon, Or on the horn Of the silver moon: Or in my tiny boat On the dew-drop's tide I gently glide; Or sail on the passing mote. Without the ken Of mortal men, Noiselessly I creep Lightly o'er The moonlit floor: Or, with wild and daring leap, Honey sip From the velvet lip; Or down in the petals deep In the perfumed cell Of the nodding bell I rock myself to sleep!

Uncle Nib! Uncle Nib! you are a great fool!"

4

Niblan the Great had by this time so far overcome his temper as to perceive how ridiculous it was to be angry with such a little creature; so he thought he would try to enter into conversation with him.

"Who are you, and why do you call me a fool?"

"I am Dillabel," said the little sprite, "and I am the messenger of the Great King."

"Great king!" exclaimed Niblan, "who is he but myself? You are no messenger of mine. I should never use so powerless a creature. And show me the man who assumes that title in defiance of my power."

But Dillabel continued without seeming to notice the interruption.

"And I called you a fool, because you are one. You pretend to be a *great* king, but you do not know what a poor, conceited, ignorant, and impotent creature you are. I am the servant of a King who is

great, and he has sent me to perform some errands of His, and you may go with me, if you really wish to see how great my King is. But you must hurry up, Uncle Nib, for I can't wait."

So saying, little Dillabel touched a withered palm-leaf with his staff, and in a moment it fell to the ground a large silk mantle. Niblan looked first at the speaker and then at the mantle in utter astonishment.

"Pick it up, Uncle Nib; pick it up, and don't keep me waiting."

So Niblan the Great threw it over his shoulders, and felt that it was the only garment really kingly that he ever wore.

"Now, Uncle Nib, wait a moment."

Thus speaking, the little fellow turned over a small stone, and picked up a worm that lay beneath it, and, carrying it a little distance, laid it down in the middle of the path, in sight of a little brown bird that was hovering near, and which at once eagerly picked it up.

"There now, Uncle Nib," said Dillabel, that little bird has been for hours looking for food for her little ones, and has found nothing, and so my King sent me to feed them. Do you know the wants of your people as well as that? Why, here in your own city, and under the shadows of this palace, three children starved to death last night, and you never knew it! But, come, we are now ready."

So saying, he touched Niblan with his staff, and in an instant the monarch found himself flying through the air with breathless speed, far above the ground, with his queer little guide beside him.

"Ah, Uncle Nib! is n't this glorious? But draw your mantle close around you, or you may chance to catch a tumble! Is n't it grand, Uncle Nib?

'T is jolly good In the shady wood Upon beds of flowers to dream, And nectar quaff, And echo the laugh Of the bubbling, gurgling stream. And to me as sweet, With nimble feet. To race with the stormy blast; The cloud to meet, And the driving sleet, And dangers gathering fast. When peril's near, Then banish fear: For there's ne'er a sorrow Without its morrow, When storm and trouble's past!"

As Dillabel finished his song, Niblan the Great found himself standing on the side of a large mountain. Beneath him a little valley lay just at his feet, and in the valley a little hamlet or village, containing twenty or thirty houses lying close together at the

base of the mountain, and extending up its side towards where he stood. Above him, lofty mountains covered with snow towered up in all directions. The simple mountaineers were all asleep, for it was now early night here. Upon touching the ground Dillabel executed some joyous capers, and was dancing about with surprising agility, when all at once he stopped and whispered, "There now, I knew it was coming! Hark!"

Niblan the Great listened attentively, but at first could hear nothing; but a moment after, he heard a dull, rumbling noise far up the mountain. It gradually grew louder and louder, and soon he saw a vast avalanche of snow and ice come tumbling and rushing down directly towards him, tearing up and crushing trees and rocks, and destroying and burying everything before it. It made the whole mountain tremble and shake with its weight and

violence, and threatened to bury up the whole hamlet at least forty fathoms deep! Niblan the Great trembled. A cold sweat stood on his forehead. "Had n't we better be going?" said he, timidly.

"Going!" repeated Dillabel; "why should we be going? You are a great king! Speak to it! Stop it, Uncle Nib!"

Niblan was silent. But when the avalanche was almost upon them, Dillabel jumped upon a stone, and held up his little staff. In an instant the vast mass turned its course, and rolled down into quite a different part of the valley, with a deafening roar that echoed back and forth among the mountains for miles, and at last died away in scarcely audible murmurs far up in the fields of ice. The people all came running out of their houses to see it, and all exclaimed, "How lucky it was that it happened to turn!"

"It was lucky, was n't it, Uncle Nib?" said Dillabel, slyly. And so saying, he touched Niblan again with his staff, and they were off again. But Dillabel was of a temperament so joyous that he could not keep silent, and as they moved swiftly through the air he sang:—

"On many a wing
Our glorious King
Visits His empire broad.
Many and bright
As the worlds of light
Are the messengers of God.

"On pinions strong
They speed along,
And never, never tire.
Fearless they brave
The ocean's wave,
And traverse snow and fire.

"Some vast in size

Through the boundless skies

To distant systems go:

Each sullen swing
Of their mighty wing
Sends them a league or so.

"But of all the little fellows that fly,
None are so happy, so merry as I,
Jumping, skipping,
Dancing, tripping,
Flitting, flying,
Never sighing,
Laughing, smiling,
Toil beguiling,
With a little bit of song,
On my little, wagging tongue!"

Niblan the Great and Dillabel the Little next alighted upon a high hill in the midst of a populous and naturally fertile country. Waving crops filled all the plain, and fat and well-fed cattle were grazing on every hill. But on looking more attentively, Niblan perceived that they were in distress. They were suffering under a

severe drought. The sky was cloudless and the sun burning. The channel of every brook and stream was dry. The crops began to wither, and the cattle stood with lolling tongues and panting breath, or wild and furious with thirst. The trees rustled their leaves in the dry wind, and the parched ground rose in clouds of dust, wherever it was stirred.

"This," said Dillabel, "is a part of your dominions, Uncle Nib. It is for you,—the great king,—to provide for all this suffering." But Niblan the Great only shrugged his shoulders and was silent.

Then Dillabel waved his little staff, and in a moment a little cloud hung upon the horizon. Gradually it grew and swelled, till it filled the whole sky, and poured down an abundant shower. The cattle plunged impetuously into the swelling brooks; the stalks of grain raised their

drooping heads, wet with tears of gratitude; and the trees looked young and fresh and green again.

"There now," exclaimed the little elf, turning a complete somerset in the fulness of his joy, "there now, millions of gold could not buy the value of that single shower to these people. It will give them a plentiful harvest instead of famine, and the surplus of the crops will enable them to maintain an active trade. You are a great king, Uncle Nib! but are you as good a financier as that?"

Then Dillabel took Niblan to a great kingdom which was actively engaged in commerce. The cities were filled with bales of rich and costly merchandise, and noisy with the cries of sailors and cartmen. The rivers, canals, and harbors were all alive with men, and the full tide of business and prosperity swelled up into every nook and corner of the land.

"Here," said the little guide, "is another just such a fool as yourself. He too calls himself great. His people are happy and prosperous, and he has all that the heart can enjoy. But he must needs let his ambition set his heart upon disturbing the peace of his people, and devote their wealth to the raising of armies and navies, to overpower and oppress his weaker and poorer neighbors, and to show that he is a great king. He and his people forget to whom they owe their blessings, and how to preserve them. I am sent to stop all this folly."

"But how will you do it?" said Niblan.

"See how easy," said Dillabel.

He then just touched a single gold coin with his little staff, and in an instant the piles of gold in the banks and merchants' drawers turned into worthless paper. The merchants hastily locked up their stores, and looked at each other with suspicion, distrust, and terror. The noise of factories, the moving of wheels, and the ceaseless din of spindles and looms all ceased. Smoke rose not up from the tall chimneys. Countless ships collected along the wharves, their sails gone, their masts dismantled, and their hulls lay rotting in the docks. And that powerful nation, which yesterday was preparing to disturb the peace of the world, was now unable to collect revenue sufficient to sustain its government.

"Now then," said Dillabel, "I will show you another thing,—curious too!"

Then he pointed to two men who seemed on the point of fighting each other for blood. The one was a large, powerful man, who seemed convulsed with rage. His eye flashed, his cheek was hot and burning, his fist was clenched, he was è

trembling violently, and his voice was loud and passionate. Every word that his antagonist uttered seemed to enrage him the more. Quickly the little elf lit upon his shoulder, and, standing upon tiptoe, began to whisper in his ear. At once the man became silent. His hand relaxed, his eye burned less brightly, his cheek turned pale, and finally, turning around, he burst into tears. Niblan beheld him with astonishment.

"What did you say to him?"

Dillabel winked hard, and only said, "I did my message to him!"

"Once more, Uncle Nib," said he. Niblan now followed him into a darkened chamber, where lay a beautiful lady, evidently at the point of death. Dillabel touched the eyes of Niblan with his staff, and he then saw, at the foot of the bed, a phantom in a long, black robe, with an

iron crown upon his head, and in his hand a long, heavy, glittering dart. A malignant and scornful sneer distorted his hideous face. Niblan saw that the dying one was in very great terror, fear, and distress. Long she gazed at the phantom before her with a wild and horror-stricken stare, and, shuddering, turned away, with an imploring look to the weeping friends around her. All in vain. Their sobbing words could not console her, or reassure her. She groaned in agony. Suddenly Dillabel lit gently upon her forehead, and began to fan her hot and feverish face with his wings. Their motion produced a low and delicious music, which he accompanied with his voice: -

"Parting breath,
Welcome death!
Kingdom come,
Kingdom come,

Take the earth-born mortal home.

"At the palace gates
Thy Beloved waits,
And beckons oft for thee,
To the feast divine
Of bread and wine,
And to walk the crystal sea!

"He that died —
The Crucified —
Softly calls for thee;
Earthly mould
No longer hold,
Harp of gold
And joy untold
Are thine eternally.

"Kingdom come,

Kingdom come,

Take the ransomed sinner home!"

As he began to sing, the sufferer grew more calm, and as she now looked upon the dread phantom, a triumphant smile stole over her features. The victory was won. And as Dillabel stopped she ceased to breathe.

When Niblan the Great reached his own gardens again, he bowed himself low, and felt himself exceedingly small. He took off his mantle, and it fell to the ground a withered palm-leaf. He threw himself on his knees, and looked sadly over the city again.

"Ah!" said he, "the little fellow spoke the truth. I am nothing but a fool. And my great predecessor was right when he proclaimed that there is a king 'whose dominion is an everlasting dominion, and his kingdom is from generation to generation! And all the inhabitants of the earth are reputed as nothing; and He doeth according to his will in the army of heaven, and among the inhabitants of the earth; and none can stay his hand, or say unto him, What doest thou?' Truly he

holdeth the keys of death and of hell in his hand!"

Niblan then rose to thank his little guide for the lesson he had taught him; but he was gone. But he still heard him singing, till his voice faded away in the distance:—

"Labor done,
At set of sun,
Homeward peasants hie;
Over the ocean,
In liquid motion,
Purple shadows lie.

"The bird to her nest
Returns to rest,
The bee to her honeyed cell;
But labor and fun
Are never done
For little Dillabel!

"Far away

Ere the dawn of day

Busy I must be;

For wise Design

And Love divine

Have intrusted much to me.

"Long I've been
In this world of sin,
Accomplishing His will;
Changing times
And distant climes
Find me working still.

"But when at last
My labor's past,
As it will be by and by,
Secure at rest
On my Father's breast
I'll watch the ages fly!

"Trill, troll,

From my little soul,

I utter every note;

On the throbbing beat

Of music sweet

From earth to heaven I float!"

## III.

The Day Lily and the old Mahogany-Tree.

The weakness and sadness of the disciples at the death of Christ, and their joy at his resurrection, are attempted to be shown in the following sketch.

## The Day Vily and the old Mahogany-Tree.

--- £ 36 3 ····

There is probably no part of the world so full of strange, beauty-laden and fragranceladen flowers; of immense, darkly-dressed trees, embraced by heavy, festooning vines; of great marshes crowded with poisonous plants, rank and unwholesome weeds; of luxuriant shrubs hung with berries; of deep forests whose silence is unbroken save by the solemn note of some solitary, gaudy bird; of thick, tangled brakes, where a thousand forms of vegetation swelter into life, and a thousand fiery serpents distil their venom, - so full of sunny openings and wild lawns, where gorgeous flowers spring up in a day, and fade away the next day,—as some countries in the tropical latitudes of America.

On the eastern shore of Yucatan there is a spot peculiarly noted for the variety and density of its vegetation. At the head of a little cove which sets in from the Gulf of Mexico there is a little hill covered with some large trees. These slope down almost precipitately on one side, and more gently in other directions, continuing in a deep, impassable morass. At the foot of this hill, on its steepest side, there once sprang up a little flower. It was a strange flower, which is never found except in certain latitudes. It grows from the ground nearly to perfection in a single day. Its leaves were broad, but thin and delicately woven with a tissue of veins and fibre. These leaves lay upon the ground as if unable to support themselves. A single stem had shot up from among the leaves a foot or

more in height, bearing upon its summit the half-opened bud of a large, lily-shaped flower. The petals had just begun to show their soft, white velvet, — richly chased and delicately pencilled here and there with streaks and lines and spots and shades of crimson, and a rich fragrance had begun to breathe from the half-opened cup.

All at once the sun, which had been gradually approaching the horizon, sank beneath it, and darkness came down almost immediately upon all the forest. The last rays of light that had struggled through the dense, dark leaves had played upon the little flower, revealing its surpassing loveliness, but leaving it unfinished, imperfect, and alone in the dark night.

The little flower was in despair.

"Alas!" she cried, "why must the light and heat that have brought me into being, and which are so necessary to my existence, be withdrawn at the very moment when I need them most of all? Of what worth is my life, if I am not to be permitted to arrive at perfection? And now the sun himself is extinguished, and I must perish unappreciated and unknown, without having served one good purpose of my creation, and without knowing myself of what I am capable!"

All at once she paused; for she heard a voice calling, "Child of the forest!"

By the star-light and the little of daylight that still lingered, and by straining her young eyes, she saw that it was an old tree upon the bank just above her that spoke: an old mahogany-tree that she had often seen in the course of her brief life, an old and lofty tree, that lifted up high in the air his huge, rough body, and which threw far and wide his arms, covered with a great multitude of broad, shining leaves. Again She spoke: "Child of the forest! why weepest thou? Listen, little one. I am a thousand years old!"

"Years!" whispered the lily, "what are years?"

"Was not the sun more beautiful," continued the tree, "when, in the first part of your life, his beams poured forth unobstructed from over yonder bay, than when lately they could hardly peep through this forest behind us?"

"Yes, he certainly was," replied the lily.

"I have stood here a thousand years," said the tree, "and even so he has always seemed to me most beautiful, and so he will be again; for his light is by no means extinguished. But he cannot rise, unless he first set."

The poor little lily pondered long and deeply upon it, but could not understand it.

"Think again," continued the tree. "We

are not the only things that he looks upon. A single footstep might crush you," (the lily shuddered and trembled!) "or a single whirlwind might prostrate me, and we should hardly be missed,—for, look behind us,—how thick the forest grows! and so it is the world around,—and they all need his light and warmth as much as we. Would you be so selfish as to leave them all to perish?"

The lily hung her head in silence.

After a pause, the old tree resumed: "Think again! is it not better for you even as it is? Could you have borne the intensity of his heat much longer?"

The lily bethought herself of a strange weariness and weakness under which, during the latter part of her life, she had almost wilted.

"Ah," she sighed, "thus then my life must end!"

"Not so," replied the old tree. "You must look forward to a better life. Our sun has indeed gone down, but it is only that he may shine upon other parts of the world. It is only that he may give you opportunity to acquire strength to bear his brighter rays. True, unless he comes again over yonder bay, your life must end here,—and mine too; for it is upon him that our life depends, and he must rise again before we can revive. But courage, little child of the forest! he will certainly, certainly come!"

As the old mahogany-tree spake thus, he flung his arms about in the night-breeze, and all his leaves, myriads in number, seemed to whisper: "He will certainly, certainly come!"

But oh! how long the night seemed to the little flower,—a whole lifetime! She shrank timidly away from the coarse, un-

sightly weeds that waved carelessly and fearlessly back and forth, jeering at her weakness and fears. She trembled at the sight of the burning eyes of the beast of prey, that loved darkness, that stared at her through the brakes, and she listened in terror to the sound of their footsteps. She shuddered as she felt the slimy trail of the serpent over one of her leaves, or heard the heavy, flapping wing of some foul night-bird over her head, or the buzzing of hideous, goggle-eyed insects about her face. She shivered in the cold fog, and was half stifled by the dank, foul vapor that crept up from the marsh. The tears gathered fast upon her face. "Old tree!" she sobbed, "I shall never see him again!"

"Courage, little child of the forest! courage! These trials will only serve to make you stronger, and these tears even will add to your beauty. For your sake

he delays; but he will certainly, certainly come!"

And again the myriads of shining leaves lisped their echoes, "He will certainly, certainly come!"

At last a little breath of air came dancing over the water, and as it passed it seemed to say, "He is coming!"

Once more the leaves of the old mahogany murmured, "He is coming! he is coming!"

And far back in the forest countless little voices seemed whispering to one another, "He is coming, coming, coming!"

The little lily raised her head. How solemn to see those countless leafy dwellers in the forest standing in breathless silence, listening, listening, — waiting, waiting! for the great Life of the world! The lily gently turned her eye towards the water. No soft twilight, no long, slowly changing

dawn announced the approach of day. But a quick flush spreading over the sky, — a fleecy cloud suddenly blushing crimson, — a flood of purple on the dancing waters, — fierce flashes of golden light streaming far upwards, — a burning mass of fire, — and the day was come!

Joyfully did the little lily welcome the grateful light, and open wide her face. The tears were standing thick upon it; but the glorious sun looked down and smiled upon her. He dipped his pencil in fresh and richer dye, and touched her pallid cheek, and turned every tear into a jewel, that sparkled like the rainbow. Her tears were gone for ever.

And "unto you that fear His Name shall the Sun of Righteousness arise, with healing in His wings!"

## IV.

The Old Bouse in Sunken Hollow.

This story is designed to show,

What is the state of the heart before conversion;
The power of Christ over the human heart;
The change wrought in the soul by Christ;
The feelings of the unrenewed heart, contrasted with
The new feelings implanted by Christ.

## The Old Pouse in Sunken Hollow.

--- £ 26 3 ···

There was once an old, — very old house standing in a low hollow. It was at least four thousand years old. On looking at it you would at once see that it was in ruins. And it was plain, at a glance, that it was not time that had ruined it, for the stones in its walls, and its roof, its underpinning, were all as fresh as if just erected. And yet it was in a sad state. The underpinning was all loose, and many of the stones gone. The walls were heaved out, and the stones lying in all sorts of positions, as if shaken by some mighty earthquake. The roof was broken in here and there, as if great stones had fallen on it

and crushed it. The chimneys were leaning this way and that way, as if ready to fall. The windows were covered with dirt, so that it was next to impossible to see through them. The trees that stood around it, once so shady and ornamental, were now broken and twisted, stripped of leaves and going to decay. All around the house, where once was a garden, and walks, and fruit, there was now nothing but weeds and thistles, briers and thorns. Instead of the song of birds, there was nothing heard but the hiss of serpents, or the barking of wild dogs. Instead of the well, where pure, cool water once gushed up, there were now little pools of stagnant water, in which frogs croaked and reptiles crawled.

The place where the house stood was called *Sunken Hollow*, — because it was once a beautiful hill covered with gardens and

trees, and the house stood on its very summit; but by a terrible convulsion it had been depressed and depressed, till it was the low, disagreeable spot I have been describing. And yet, at a distance, as you looked at the house, it seemed fair and whole, and the grounds seemed covered with a hazy kind of light, so that you would think it a most beautiful spot. Many a one in passing by, in the distance had pronounced it the fairest thing he had ever seen. This was owing to the peculiar light which hung around it, created by the vapors that rose up from the hollow.

Those who came nearest to the house knew that it was inhabited; for they could sometimes hear strange noises within, see hideous faces peeping out of the windows, and see scrawny hands thrust through the broken places. But who the owner was, or whether it had any owner, nobody seemed to know, and nobody seemed to care.

At length it began to be rumored abroad that the place had been bought! - that the purchaser had come from a long distance to buy it, and that he had paid a most enormous price for it! Why he should want that house, and be willing to pay so much for it, nobody could conceive. Some said the house must be of great value, and have uncounted gold buried in its cellar. Some said it was all a sham, it had not been bought. Some said it only wanted a little righting up, and a little painting, and it would be as good as ever.

It was reported that the man who had purchased it was coming to see it and repair it, and there was great curiosity to see him. So they looked out to see some tall general come on a great, black warhorse, with soldiers to guard him. Some looked out for a rich chariot to come in clouds of dust, - darkening the very air. Some thought it might be a nobleman, who would come with bugles and drums and flying colors. All were looking out for some great display when the owner came, and all thought they should get into his train and follow him.

At length, all of a sudden, a young, fair-looking man was seen walking around the old house. At first, nobody seemed to notice him; but as soon as he had given notice that he was the owner of the house, there was a terrible commotion. The poisonous serpents in the grass, called copperheads, began to hiss, the vipers began to run, the vultures in the air began to fly and scream, and every hornet began to sharpen his sting, and every fly began

to buzz, and every creature in Sunken Hollow seemed to wake up to resist. There was never such commotion before.

There was not much known about the inside of the house, for it had been shut up and kept dark. Only it was known that it had large rooms in it, once richly finished, — that its walls were once all white and beautiful, and that nothing could be made more perfect than it was when built. Every part of the house showed that the most wonderful architect the world ever saw, must have planned it.

But the greatest commotion, on the appearance of the owner walking on the grounds, was in the inside of the house. There was a hurrying and trampling of feet,—fastening and darkening the windows,—barring the doors,—the noise of loud and angry voices,—high words and disputes,—all declaring that the house was

theirs; that they had always lived there, and therefore owned it. Some of the inmates begged the owner to go away and leave them to be quiet; some laughed at him for thinking he could ever get possession of the house; some threatened to set the dogs on him, or to shoot him if he came a foot nearer. Some howled in fear, and cried out, "O our place! our place!"

I shall not try to describe all who lived in the old house. There were men and women; but their voices and looks were loud and coarse, so that you could hardly tell which was male and which female. Shall I describe a few of them? There was a large, fat fellow, who wore his hair long, and looked stupid in the face, and sleepy in the eyes, whose name, if I understood right, was Indifference. He moved very slow, seldom turned round, lay abed late in the morning, hated to rise from

his chair, hated the sound of a bell, read but little, and thought as little as he could. He was a great eater, and ate often. His shoulders were so broad that they set him against the doors, feeling sure that if all the bars should break, he could hold the doors shut. Indifference had a tough, round-sided little footman, who was always near him. He was a silent, sulky little fellow, whom you might kick, and nothing would he care. You might stick pins in him, but he would never wince. His name was Stubbornness, - and a tougher fellow never wore boots. He never threatened or cried out; but if once he clinched anything with his hands, he held on like a vise. He was not very particular about his food, and would often make a hearty meal of raw prejudices. His teeth were strong and his digestion unimpaired.

There was a female there whom they

called Exyy. She was tall and held her head up high, and her eyes were so bright, that she could see the smallest mote that floated in the air. She would often smile, but her smiles were that thin kind, that shows the skin through them. When she laughed, it was a hollow kind of laugh, that came from the very top of her voice. She talked easy, but there was a sharpness in the voice that made you feel as if pricked with needles. She must have smoked in secret, for there was something so offensive and oppressive in her breath, that you disliked to be near her. She held in her hand a little ivory-handled whip, with a long lash, and a snapper on the end of it. She would strike with this, as if in sport, but it carried a sting in it that made you tingle to the very bones.

Another inmate of the old house, looking enough like Envy to be her twin-sister,

was called Jealousy. She was not as tall as the other, nor were her eyes as sharp, but their color was a pale green. She wore a huge pair of spectacles of the same shade as her eyes, so that everything she looked at was of a yellowish green. Her lips were thin, and she had a peculiar habit of biting them. If she saw a fly move, she watched to see if he was not steering for her. She would also every now and then pinch herself, till she was covered with marks of her own fingers. If she saw a spider crawl, she was sure he lifted up his feet just as she did, to make ridicule of her. If one raised a finger, she watched to see it pointed at her. She had her own room, but she was so afraid that somebody would peep into it, that she stuffed every crevice with cotton, till she made it so tight that she could hardly breathe.

The next one to be described was called Selfishness. He was a large-framed man, with a sharp, hatchet-face, a twinkling eye, and a mouth that shut up tight. His movements were quick, his steps short, and his head turning from side to side, as if to see everything about him. His fingers had small steel hooks at their ends, with which he would catch and hold anything that came in his way. When he sat down to eat, he would draw all the food close around his plate. When he sat down, he always knew which was the softest chair, the warmest place before the fire, and the sunniest spot near the window. He had great, huge pockets, into which he would cram everything within his reach. Nor was he very particular what it was, -money or mortgages, shaving-soap or shaven notes; indeed, he has been known to cram the houses of widows and the

tears of orphans into these same great pockets, and yet they were never full. He would go round the house, claiming this and that to be his, till he had branded his name on almost every article of furniture in the house. He was the strongest fellow among them all,—ate the most, and yet never seemed full or satisfied.

I will try to describe only one more of the inmates of the old house. It was a fierce, fiery-looking female whom they called Hate. She was an active, wiry little creature, able to double up, and become so small that you would hardly notice her, and then again expanding and becoming so large that it seemed impossible for the house to hold her. She sometimes was so cold as to freeze everything that came near her; and then again she glowed with such heat that she scorched the very clothes of those whom she passed.

She wore a crown of thorns on her head, and a row of wasps sat on her lips, with their stings all thrust out. Small, fiery rockets shot from her eyes, and the tread of her little foot made the very pavement to tremble with pain.

Such were some of the inhabitants of the old house. However much they might, on common occasions, disagree and make war among themselves, - and their quarrels often made the old house rock, - the moment they saw the Owner coming near, they all united and raged and shouted against him. They held a great meeting in what was called the Great Chamber. It was a vast room in the shape of a heart. They seemed to know by instinct, that the young man whom they had seen, was the real owner, who had bought the place at so great a price. Their deliberations were not very long, for the chairman,

whom they called Mr. Passion, pushed the votes through as fast as possible. The unanimous conclusion was, that the old house was their own,—their right had never been questioned before,—and keep it they could, and keep it they would. The speeches were not so long as those which politicians make in our days, but they were all of one spirit and feeling.

"I've no doubt but I can sit down against any door," said Indifference, "and keep out that pale young man."

"And I can roll logs and place my feet against yours," says Stubbornness, "and between us, we can keep the doors shut against an army of such."

"I don't boast," said Envy,—"nobody ever heard me boast! I have not broad shoulders, to be sure, and I may not be as strong as some other folks; but it may be, after all, that I can do as much when

the time comes. But I never boast, not II"

"You all think so much of yourselves, and talk so much about yourselves, that vou can't see anybody else," said Jealousy. "I should like to know if there can't be something done by modest people as well as by others!" And then she bit her lips and pricked her own arms till she trembled in pain.

"Nonsense! nonsense!" roared out Selfishness; "who does not know that 'possession is nine tenths of the law,' and that we have had possession here ever since wood grew and water ran? Who supposes, for one moment, that we shall ever willingly give up all this, or that there is any power that can make us? What say you, mistress Hate,—for I see you are ready to burst?"

"Out upon thee!" cried Hate. "I shall

fight to the last, not because I love you, but because I spite him. I have a liquid in which I can soak all the bars of the doors, and make them doubly strong. I have a stone on which I can grind your swords and daggers, and make them doubly sharp. I have a cup in which I can dip your arrows, and make each one poisonous. I can arm every stone and beam in the house, to make war upon the intruder! You talk about your powers! but it is my presence and aid that is to give you the victory. It will be a hard fight, comrades, for that young man would not walk yonder so gently and look so calmly, unless he had more power than we now see. My very heart burns while I look at him!"

Every moment the inhabitants of the old house expected to see an army come over the hill, and to hear the sound of the trumpet calling them to surrender, or feel the ground shake under the trampling of horses, and the charging of cavalry. But they looked in vain.

At length the Owner bent his steps towards the house. Those within kept very still until he had ascended the steps, and then they broke out in a scream of defiance and scorn that made all the rooms ring again. How they hooted the idea of his coming alone to drive them out and take possession of his house! But the moment he laid his hand on the handle of the door, the bars gave way, the bolts were withdrawn, and the doors silently and gently opened! The light burst in, and all the inmates stood in astonishment. The Owner looked them in the face, and they began to crouch down and hide themselves behind the doors, and the furniture, and several of them made for the

cellar. But he threw over them a small cord that held them and bound them, and with which he dragged them towards the door. Now, then, they began to shriek and struggle, and beg and pray to be let alone. They offered to live in the cellar, in the coal-bin, or anywhere, if they might only stay in the old house! But no! the owner had come, and they must leave! So he pitched them out of the door, and with a single look made them fall backward on the ground. He bade them begone out of his sight. They slank away among the hedges and weeds and crept around in dark places, not wishing to leave Sunken Hollow, because they hoped in some way to get possession of the old house again.

The Owner now set about cleansing the old mansion. He first cleared out the cobwebs, and the filth that had been increas-

ing there so long; then he had the windows washed, that sunlight might enter; the chimneys cleaned, so that the fires might burn clearly; the furniture mended and put to rights. The weeds and rubbish around the house were cleared away,—the old trees removed, great heaps of bones put out of sight, and soon the grounds began to look green,—the garden to shoot up with flowers and vegetables,—the well was cleared out, and cool, fresh water began to rise up, and the whole face of everything was changed.

But the greatest change was in the inhabitants in the old mansion. When it was all ready, the Owner filled up the rooms with new guests, entirely unlike the former inmates. Shall I mention a few of them?

First came in a beautiful creature with golden hair, and sweet breath, and a voice of music. She saw that all the fires and lamps were lighted, so that the whole house was warm and light. Her face glowed with emotion, and it was plain at the first glance, that she must have been born in the skies. They called her name Love, and no one who felt the touch of her hand ever forgot the thrill.

The second one I shall mention was named Peace. She was of calmer countenance than the former one. She held in her hand a golden vessel, out of which she poured a small, silver stream. But as the waters ran, they grew more and more, till they became a great river, that shone like silver and sparkled in light. Whether men drank of the waters, or bathed in them, they were at once refreshed, and felt that no waters were as sweet as these. You never had to seek for Peace, — for while you were in the path of duty, whether pleasant or unpleasant, she was always near with her golden vessel. She would slip round and enter at any door, and always came in silence.

Then there was Joy,—a very bright fellow, who would clapp his hands and cheer you when he could. He kept near a sober, quiet, hard-working old lady called Duty, and at every turn he had something to say to cheer her. Some of the labors of Duty were hard, and some of her burdens were heavy to carry, but Joy was always at hand to give a lift, and wipe away the tear of the face, and feed the mouth with the sweet fruit that grew on the tree called Gladness.

But among them all, there was none more beautiful or interesting than a little creature that could but just walk. She seemed to have little wings budding out. But she was very small and weak. But she would trot round through all the

rooms, wiping the windows so that they could see clearer; bringing in little armsful of wood, to keep the fires bright; snuffling the candles and lamps, that the light might be fuller; and, while her bright eye seemed to see things a great way off, she would beckon with her finger, and point to things far beyond the Hollow. She was a great favorite with all; and though they had to nurse and feed her, yet they all had to confess that there was no living without her. A thousand times a day they would call: "Faith, Faith, come and show me this! Come and untie this knot! Come and read me this writing!"

I may mention only one more of the new-comers. He was a large, iron-built man, with a stiff backbone and brawny limbs. He could walk more hours than any other one, and his strong hand would lift them over chasms or rocks or anything

that lay in their path. He was a grave sort of person; talked but little, but what he did say was always encouraging. He was rather a doer than a talker. Nobody ever saw him going backward, or sitting down and waiting for others. His name was Perseverance, and a very brave fellow he was, and always so reliable!

No one, who had not witnessed it, can imagine how great the change was in the Old House. The foundations were repaired, the walls were all brought into shape, — the broken roof was mended, the chimneys were righted up, — new trees were planted, the Hollow began to be filled up, and soon the old name was dropped, and men began to talk about the New House. It would now bear close inspection. The new tenants were all busy in repairing it and building it over anew. Every face was cheerful, every hand was employed, and every heart was full of blessedness. Sometimes these inmates would hold a concert of music; and when Love took her lyre, and Peace her trumpet, and Joy his cymbals, and Faith her harp, and Perseverance sat down at the organ, what music they poured out! It seemed as if the whole house was a music-hall, and the echoes were heard far and wide.

The Owner had to go away on other duties, but he often called at the New House, and always was received with tearful welcome! How they would gather round him! and how sweet his smile upon them! Every time he came, the house was growing better, and the inmates happier, the walls whiter, the music sweeter; and the last I heard, he was talking of coming to live in the New House for ever!

## **V** .

Little Musta and the Valley of Sorrow.

In the simple narrative which follows, I wish to show,—a faint picture indeed,—

The Humiliation of Christ, and its power over the human heart.

## Kittle Musta and the Valley of Sorrow.

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FAR up in the north of India, above Bengal, many hundreds of miles from the mouth of the Ganges, there is a beautiful country, which, a long time ago, was inhabited by a rich and powerful people. There were then, as there are now, vast plains of the richest soil, covered with the luxuriant growth of tropical plants that spring up under the Indian sun, and sprinkled here and there with great and powerful cities. Mahmed Rou, the king of the .country, was a Mohammedan, and his people had embraced the Mohammedan religion. But he was not wholly of Mussulman descent, and, unlike most of Mohammedan princes, he was neither avaricious nor cruel, but one who loved his people, and was continually contriving for their happiness. Under his mild reign his people grew prosperous, the soil was carefully cultivated, and the cities were alive with crowded markets for the sale of rich Indian and Persian silks and laces.

In the city of Indrapoot was the palace of Mahmed Rou. It was a magnificent building, spreading out in many curious shapes, and including many huge old piles, surmounted by gilded domes and minarets that flashed and glistened for many a mile in the bright sun. Within these were many splendid saloons, whose walls were inlaid with costly stones in quaint and beautiful patterns, and hung with rich tapestry; and often from the lofty windows the light from a thousand wax-can-

dles streamed far over the city, and passengers in the streets often stopped to listen to the rich peals of music which told of mirth and gayety within. There were cool verandas, too, and spacious halls fanned by the ceaseless motion of great wing-shaped fans, suspended from the frescoed ceiling; and vast gardens, where birds of brilliant plumage made their home; where the palm and the aloe cast a grateful shade; where the air was filled with the fragrance of a thousand strange wildflowers, and with the cool freshness and music of hundreds of gushing fountains. But that which made the palace-home of Mahmed Rou more pleasant to him than all other things besides, was his Little Mufta.

She was his only child, and his heart was bound up in her. Everything was planned with reference to her happiness. When she slept, a slave was always by her side to fan her and to drive away the insects. When she played, a train of ladies was always ready to minister to every wish. Sometimes she would range in the gardens, weaving wreaths of flowers to crown her attendants, and then she would mock the melody of the birds with her clear, silver voice. Sometimes she would call for fruit, and a slave would bring her bananas and oranges in golden dishes. Sometimes she would call for music, and a company of the most skilful musicians would play their choicest airs. But, notwithstanding all these gratifications, she was an affectionate child,—very unselfish, —and, most of all, she delighted to sit upon her father's knee, with her flaxen curls resting upon his shoulder, and to hear him talk of his subjects, and all his plans for their happiness.

One day Mahmed Rou called to his coun-

cil-chamber his favorite counsellor Vashnoo. He was a very old man, with a long white beard, and a dark, piercing eye. He always carried a book under his arm, and a small staff in his hand; but he never seemed to lean upon his staff, and was never seen to read his book. It was whispered through the palace that in the night Vashnoo had been heard to speak in a strange language in his lonely little room,—that he studied magic, and understood strange mysteries, and all were afraid of him. But he was always a friend to the poor, and faithful to Mahmed Rou, and so very gentle to Little Mufta that she greatly loved him. With the child on his knee, the king said: "Vashnoo, what can I do for my poor people, Rahpins? They are in a most sorrowful condition!"

Now the Rahpins were a small, fierce

tribe that lived among the mountains, almost at the foot of the Himalayas, in a little rocky valley, surrounded on all sides by steep and rugged mountains, except where a branch of the great Ganges breaks through. These mountains they had never crossed, although just on the other side of them lay the fair and fertile fields of Mahmed Rou. They were ignorant and fierce, and often engaged in bloody combats with one another. Their fields were barren, and the cold winds from the mountains defied their wretched huts and scanty clothing. In short, they were perishing with famine and disease, and every year found their number less.

"Mahmed," replied Vashnoo, "these poor people are thine!"

"True, and therefore I wish to do them good. But what can I do?"

"Vashnoo," said Little Mufta, as she sat

on her father's knee, and for the moment forgotten, "why don't the poor Rahpins cross the mountains, and come and live with us, and eat bananas here, as we do?"

"Because, little one, there is but one path over those mountains; and though it seems very broad and plain, and easy to any one going there from here, yet when one tries to come back, it is still plain, to be sure, but it is narrow and steep, and cold storms sweep across it, and if one lives to reach the top, he finds whole troops of soldiers with drawn swords ready to kill him. And so they will kill him if he is timid and afraid, but if he boldly walks up to them, they turn and run away."

"What makes them do so, Vashnoo?"

"Because there is an old magician who lives among the Rahpins, who is their master. They are so afraid of him that they bring him costly presents, and sometimes offer human sacrifices to him, and he does not wish them to escape."

"Has no one ever crossed the mountains, Vashnoo?"

"No, little one, - no one of the Rahpins."

"Vashnoo," exclaimed Mahmed Rou, starting up, "I will go to them. I fear not their master, and I will bring them among us and give them the broad plain of Sootra to live in. What sayest thou to that?"

"It is a noble project, Mahmed. Allah be with thee!"

So the next morning, when from every minaret in Indrapoot a human voice had called to prayer, and all devout Mussulmans had repeated the seven prayers, and prostrated themselves seven times as is appointed in the Koran, Mahmed Rou set forth. He travelled as Eastern monarchs

do, in a gorgeous palanquin, arrayed in his royal robes; but his war-horse was led behind him, splendidly caparisoned in blue and in gold; with his name entwined with the little chains of gold and sparkling jewels. Mahmed was accompanied by a large company of horsemen too, every one of whom was dressed in a brilliant turban and sash, and flourishing a flashing cimeter. It was an imposing procession, and as they marched slowly away to the sound of a hundred trumpets, the people all fell on their faces and blessed Allah for having given them so great a prince.

As the last horseman disappeared, Little Mufta turned to Vashnoo with a timid look, and said: "Vashnoo, will father succeed?"

"No, little one!"

And so Little Mufta went to play among the flowers, but she was very sad; and often, before her father's return, came to talk with Vashnoo about the fierce and unhappy Rahpins.

Meantime Mahmed Rou pursued his journey. When he came to the mountains he found the path, and it was a very pleasant one, and it led him into the midst of the Rahpins. But whenever he looked back, he saw that it looked steep and rugged and impossible to ascend on horseback. At first, the Rahpins were very fierce, and came out to fight with Mahmed and his company. But their miserable spears were soon cut in pieces by the keen swords of the horsemen, and the horses themselves trod down the feeble enemy. They then retreated up the sides of the mountain with their wives and children, where horses could not follow, and contented themselves with rolling down great stones upon Mahmed's troop.

Every morning Mahmed dressed himself in his royal robes and paraded through the valley with his well-disciplined soldiers, and showed the wretched Rahpins how happy and comfortable and rich they were, and then he caused it to be proclaimed to them, - how he lived in a warm, rich country, where snows and ice were never seen, and fruits never ceased to ripen, and that if they would only go with him and be his friends, he would give them delightful homes of their own in the blessed plains of Sootra. But although all this was proclaimed to them through a silver trumpet, so that all might hear, and although the Rahpins heard and understood every word of it, yet no one came down from the rocks behind which they had hid themselves. They often, indeed, peered over to see the golden-dressed horsemen, and the beautiful blue turban of Mahmed Rou. The words that came roaring out of the mouth of the trumpet only seemed to frighten them the more, and they could not believe that these great and beautiful men wanted anything of them,— except to eat their flesh.

When Mahmed Rou found that he could neither subdue the Rahpins, nor even cross over the mountains again with his horses, he caused his men to build large boats in which to float down the river to his own country; — for this branch of the Ganges flows very rapidly here, and promised soon to bear him on its bosom to his own city Indrapoot. So when the boats were done, he embarked all his troops. He had also caused it to be proclaimed to the Rahpins for what purpose he was building the boats, and how he would cheerfully teach them to do the same; but, although they had, some of them, come down a little

nearer to see the curious little "water-houses," as they called them, at the sound of the great trumpet they all ran away again. Mahmed even built some boats and left them fastened to the bank, in the hope that the poor Rahpins would use them. And then he embarked and went his way.

Then the Rahpins came down to the river's bank and looked curiously at the boats as they went dancing down the current. A few of them even ventured to try the boats that were left, but they knew not how to manage them, and so they cut them loose, and let them drift, and laughed to see them rocking themselves away.

And when the last strain of music from Mahmed's boats had ceased to be heard,—when the Rahpins could no longer see the blue turbans, they began to be sorrowful

that they could not go too, and long they looked down the river after the boats,—but a long, long distance soon rolled between them and the boats. And Mahmed never came back again.

One day, after Mahmed had returned and told the sad story of his failure, Little Mufta told her father that she wished he would let her try to persuade the poor Rahpins to leave their dreary homes and come to the land of plenty. Mahmed Rou was at first astonished, and tried to divert her thoughts to other things. But when she persevered day after day, as he could not bear to deny her anything, and as he trusted that the wisdom of Vashnoo would persuade her of her folly, he referred the question to him, and agreed to abide by his advice. But when the child came and asked Vashnoo, at first a bright, and then a very sad smile came over his features, and he murmured, "Go, little one, and Allah be with thee!"

So Mahmed was obliged to let her go. He himself had to take a journey of great importance into another part of his kingdom, and therefore he could not accompany her; but he called together a great company of soldiers, and gave them in charge to his most faithful general, with strict commands never to leave Little Mufta. He had also a beautiful palanquin prepared for her to travel in, and assigned fifty ladies for her companions. A long train of slaves carried every luxury for the table, and beguiled the time with sweet music.

But Little Mufta did not wish to enter the valley of the Rahpins in this way; and so when they were all encamped near the mountains, she took off her costly jewels and laid aside her silk and velvet dress, and put on a plain peasant's dress, and stole out of her pavilion when all were overcome with heat and fatigue, and hastened along the path alone. The cassia and aloe overhung her path and a thousand flowers made a carpet for her feet. At first she shrunk from entering the dark shades of the jungles and thickets, but she comforted herself with singing a little Arabian song which her mother had taught her:—

"How timid are the wicked!
But the just fear no evil.
The silence of the woods is fearful!
No! for conscience too is still.
I cannot see the serpent in the path!
Look not then for him,
There is danger in that rustling bush!
No, — it was an angel's wing."

At last, tired and faint, she descended into the valley. She was beginning to wonder how the Rahpins would look, and what they would say and do to her, when she saw a tall black man sitting upon a rock and leaning his head upon his hand. He looked fierce and frightful at first, but soon Little Mufta began to think he looked sad and sorrowful. So she went up to him, and laying her little hand upon his knee, said: "Rahpin, are you sick? What is the matter?" The warrior looked up — for he had not heard her soft footsteps—in surprise at the delicate little form and the flaxen hair and the beautiful features of the little girl before him, and taking up the little hand into his great palm, asked, wonderingly, "Who are you?"

"I am Little Mufta. Let us go to your home." She led him unresistingly home. She found his family sick and cold and hungry. But Little Mufta showed the old Rahpin how to stop the chinks in the walls of his cottage, and make it warmer,

and how, in many ways, to make his home more comfortable. She stayed with him and waited on his sick children, and nursed them till they were well again; and then she soon became acquainted with all the neighbors, - and much they wondered at the fair little stranger who had come to them in such a spirit as they never dreamed of before. She went from house to house comforting them all with kind words and gentle ways. Sometimes she would show them what roots to dig in the woods for medicines, such as Vashnoo had told her of; sometimes she would cook the little delicate pieces of flesh, which the men were always glad to give her when they returned from their hunting, and make it into broth for the sick and feeble.

Thus she lived a long time among them, like a little ministering angel; but every day her face grew thinner and paler, and

every day her step became less elastic. Then she began to talk to them more and more of that beautiful country from which she came; of the tall palm-trees under which she had played; of the mighty banyans that grew like a forest; of the bananas and oranges, the mangoes, and the plantations that continually yielded fruit; of the beautiful flowers that were in perpetual blossom, and of the brilliant birds that were never silent in her father's gardens. And sometimes she would sing them songs of her own Indrapoot, until the stern old warriors would look at one another with tears in their eyes. Then she would speak of that path to her country, and tell how short it was, and, though steep and toilsome, it was easy to find and quickly passed over.

"But, Little Mufta, are there not many soldiers with glittering swords ready to kill us soon as ever we reach the top of the mountain?"

"True, Tirradel; but it needs only one brave heart to drive them all away, and who is braver than yourself in the boarhunt and the battle?"

Then Tirradel looked at another old warrior, and said: "What do you think of that, Belen? Shall we try it?" But Belen dared not answer "Yes."

Often did Little Mufta meet the old Magician in her errands of mercy, and sometimes he was very angry, and lifted his great staff as if to strike her, and exclaimed, in a loud, hoarse voice: "Who are you, that dare come and teach my people to be rebellious and discontented?" And then he would fly into a dreadful passion. But she always looked calmly at him, and said, "I am Little Mufta," and then he would let his staff fall, and stride away, muttering to himself.

At last Little Mufta persuaded some of the old Rahpins to try to ascend the mountain, and these persuaded the rest; for all paid great deference to the old warriors, and every one was ready to go, with Little Mufta for their guide.

They took their wives and children, for none felt too feeble to go where their little guide could lead. So, one cold, stormy morning, (for there were few other mornings in the valley of the Rahpins,) they all bid farewell to their wretched huts, and followed Little Mufta up the mountain path. At first the path was easy, but soon it became steep and slippery; sharp stones cut their feet, and when they caught hold of the bushes, their hands were pierced and torn with long, poisonous thorns. Sometimes they would all become discouraged, and the children would cry for their old cabins; and then Little Mufta would come

among them, whispering courage to each one, and urging them not to give up; and sometimes she would place her hand in that of some old warrior, and lead him on so that he was ashamed to own that he was afraid, or that he was tired; and sometimes she would relieve some weary mother of her babe, and give it back to her again asleep. Soon, too, it began to snow, and the sleet and the hail drove furiously in their faces, and filled up the path so that they could hardly find it. Then the little guide would go on before them all, and they would follow slowly, tracing their path by her little footprints in the snow, and sometimes these footsteps would be tinged with blood from her lacerated feet. Sometimes they would hear her far up above them on the mountain side, singing some of the sweet songs of her country.

When at length they had perseveringly overcome every obstacle, and had reached the top of the mountain, they found it covered with a dense cloud which concealed everything within and beyond it. Just as Little Mufta entered it, however, it rolled away; and there, just as Vashnoo had said, were the soldiers of the old Magician. There were great platoons of footmen, all drawn up in order for battle, and every man carried a long spear in his hand, and a huge buckler on his left arm. Then there were troops of horsemen riding furiously back and forth, waving and brandishing their keen, bright swords, and among a special group of horsemen sat the old Magician himself, dressed most gorgeously, and ten times more fierce and terrible than ever.

As soon as they saw the new-comers, the horsemen began to charge furiously upon

them, as if to kill them all in an instant. The poor Rahpins were too terrified to move, and stood watching Little Mufta. They saw her advance alone towards them with unwavering step, and they heard her say something, but they could not distinguish what it was. And then in a moment the cloud covered them again. When it rolled away, the soldiers were no longer visible,—but lo! what a sight! Before them lay the beautiful kingdom of Mahmed Rou!

Almost at their feet, the tall palms stood with their ripe dates, and the plantains yielded their clustering bananas. New and strange flowers and herbs of spice surrendered their rich perfumes to the warm breezes, and all the vast plain before them was filled with plantations of growing crops, the hills were spotted with herds of cattle, and the orchards were loaded

with tropical fruit. Far away as the eye could reach, were immense rice-fields covered with grain,—great orchards of olive-trees, large tracts covered with the coffee-tree,—great enclosures of pine-apples, and then, in the distance, towered up high the golden domes and turrets of the mosques and palaces of Indrapoot.

The poor Rahpins could not contain themselves for joy. They threw themselves prostrate on the ground, and offered the seven thanksgivings which Little Mufta had taught them. They arose from the ground and looked for Little Mufta.

At a little distance before them they found her,—fallen on her face,—with her little finger pointing to her country. Gently they raised her up,—but she was not there!

She had gone to another and a better

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country still, where richer flowers grow and bloom perpetually,—where the orange is eternally fragrant and the palm never ceases to wave. For she was dead!

## VI.

The Island of Condicts and the Young Prince.

In this story I have tried to teach, -

The condition of mankind in consequence of sin;
The compassion of Jesus Christ;
The work he did to save men;
The treatment he received from men; and
The forgiveness of sin for his sake.

The Island of Convicts and the Young Prince.

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Out in the stormy ocean, not far from the Gulf of St. Lawrence, lies a low, flat island. It is about thirty miles long, and only from one to two miles wide. It is in the shape of a bow. It is all made of sand, and is so low, and looks so much like the water of the ocean, that multitudes of vessels have been wrecked on it. In the middle of the island is a lake, eighteen miles long, and about a mile wide. On the whole island there is not a tree, nor a bush, nor anything green except the low bush-cranberry and some coarse, rough grass. By digging down a few feet, you find water, but it is brackish and unpleasant. In the spring of

the year, the sea-horse and the seal visit the isle and stay a few weeks, when they go off, -no one knows where. The seahorse is a huge, awkward creature, sometimes, as is said, nearly twenty feet long, and weighing as much as a very large ox. Since the island has been known, cattle have been carried and placed on it; but they all finally perished. Sheep and swine were also put on it, but neither could they live. A few small wild-horses are now on it. They must be tough, of course, for they never see a stable, a lock of hay, or a mouthful of good grass. The only animals besides these that can live there are rabbits and rats. The rabbits were carried there, and the rats escaped from the wrecks of ships. A more dreary place can hardly be found. And when the storm comes on, and the ocean comes rolling his long waves in, beating upon

the sandy shore, the whole island trembles and shakes like a man smitten with the fever and ague.

Some centuries ago the king of France was holding a meeting with his councillors, and, among other questions, there came up the subject of criminals. There had been a great increase of crime lately, and among the rest there was a large number who were condemned for political crimes. Their property was taken away from them, and the prisons were all full. They knew that if they pardoned them, and let them out, they would do just so again, - for they gloried in the fact that they had broken the laws and disturbed the land, and would do so as often as they had the opportunity. In the course of the evening, when the king and his wise men were discussing the subject, one of the councillors suggested that he had been conversing with a sea-captain, who told him of an island far away on which these criminals could be banished.

"Place them there, your Majesty," said the councillor, "and nobody will say it is cruel. You will not have to put them to death, and you will empty the prisons, and carry out of the kingdom a set of most troublesome fellows. In a short time they will be forgotten, and nobody will ever give trouble about them."

"But," said the king, "they won't stay on the island! They will build them some sort of a vessel and get back again."

"No," your Majesty, "there is not a tree on the island, nor anything out of which they can possibly build a vessel."

"But some vessels may go there, and take them off and bring them back."

"Never fear that. It is so dangerous a spot that no vessel ever touches there, unless she is driven there by a storm, and then she is sure to be wrecked and . broken into fragments. Of all places in the world, it is just the place for such criminals."

So, after a long discussion, it was determined to send the prisoners off to the island. In about a month several great ships of war were made ready, and in irons, by hundreds, the poor fellows were put in the ships. They were not allowed to see their parents, their wives, or their children, nor did any one but the chief commander know where they were going. Their families knew nothing about it. When all were on board, and the water and the provisions were all in, the sails were spread, and the ships went out of the harbor and turned off upon the great Atlantic Ocean. In about a month they reached the island. As they came in sight

of it, they saw not a hill nor a tree, the smoke of a chimney, nor the sign of any living thing, except the wild sea-birds that flew and screamed around the desolate spot. The ships had to lie off, miles from the shore, and the prisoners were carried in boats from the ships. As soon as they were all landed, their irons were taken off, and they were let loose. Provisions, supposed to be enough to last them a year, were also landed. It was summer time, and the sky was fair, and the sunlight fell so brightly that nothing looked dreary. The ships now raised their anchors again, unfurled their sails, and turned back towards France.

At first, it seemed so good to the prisoners to come out of the crowded ships, where they could hardly breathe, and drink in the pure air of the island, and it seemed so pleasant to have their fetters

taken off, that they felt perfectly happy. They were out of prison; they were free from irons on their limbs. They had no soldiers near to shoot them down. They were free, to do as they pleased and to act as they pleased. Hence they danced and shouted and sung songs, and seemed almost like men who were mad. When the boats left them, they swung their hats and shouted. But when the ships went off, and they saw the sails growing less and less in the distance, for a few moments they felt that they were cut off from all the world, and would never hear of their friends again, and it made them sad. But they soon banished these thoughts in the exulting feeling, that they were now free, - nobody to control or punish or imprison them. They were accountable to nobody. There were among them some old men, whose heads were gray and whose eyes were dim. There were some young, flaxen-head youths who looked and felt that they needed a home and a mother's love. There were murderers and thieves, and vile creatures among them,—men whose language was profane, filthy, and disgusting, because their hearts were so.

With their provisions the commander had landed a cask of brandy. No sooner were the ships out of sight than they rushed to the cask. They had been charged to keep it for sickness; but here was no law, and the strongest rushed upon it and began to drink. As long as the liquor lasted, they were intoxicated, and fighting, and in the first day they actually murdered one of their number, and broke the limbs of three more. They had no houses, and so for the present they burrowed in the sand at night. But they

soon found that they must have a government, and a strong one too, or else they would be like a company of unchained tigers. It was a long struggle to settle a form of government; but as it soon appeared that no man's life would be safe, they had to elect a sort of king, whose word was law, and who had power of instant death if any one disobeyed him. Nothing but the most terrible tyranny would hold them from each other's throats.

It would be a sad tale to tell of the quarrels, the fightings, and the bloodshed among these wretched men. As long as the summer continued, they did not suffer greatly; but when the cold weather came on, they felt the necessity of doing something. Their captain sent them all over the island to explore. At the south end they found some planks and pieces of ships that had been wrecked. These they broke

apart as well as they could, and, with incredible labor, carried them on their shoulders for miles, in order to find a spot where the winds were not so terrible. Here they dug in the sands and made a kind of cellar, and with the planks made such rude houses as they could. Their tools were few and poor, and their materials very scanty. They might have made them warmer if they could have had deep cellars; but if they dug over three feet. they came to water. In a few months, too, they found that the clothes which they brought from warm France, were a poor defence against this severe climate. Their provisions, too, had been consumed and wasted, so that before six months were gone, they began to feel want and distress. What they suffered no one can tell. During the first winter a great number were sick, and a great many died.

They had no physician and no medicine. They had no nurses to take care of them. They had no minister of religion to read the word of God to them, or to lead them to prepare for another world. They had no sympathy for one another, for every one was cold and hungry and destitute, and knew that his turn to die might come soon. When they died, — as die they did very fast, — they merely scooped out a place in the sands and buried them. Sometimes the winds would scatter more sand over the spot, and bury them deeper; and sometimes they would blow the sands away, and leave the bodies or the bones bare; but nobody cared.

When the long, dreary winter was past, the sea-horse and the seals came to the island, as usual. Then the poor fellows made heavy clubs, into the end of which they put sharp pieces of iron, so that when

they struck the animals the iron would be thrust into them like striking them with an axe. When they saw the creatures creep up out of the water on the sand, they would steal softly and gently on their hands and knees till they got near, and then rush in between the animals and the water, and thus kill them. In this way they got oil to give them light, and with which to cook their food; and the meat they dried, or salted with the salt which they made by evaporating the water of the ocean. With the skins they made them clothes. So that the seal furnished them with their fuel, their food, and their clothing! But how the poor creatures longed for a piece of bread, a single potato, a turnip, or anything besides meat, meat,—the meat of the seal or sea-horse! How they longed for a shirt, a towel, or even a piece of soap. They were banished criminals.

It would pain any heart to listen to the story of the sufferings, the woes, the sicknesses, and the deaths among these outcasts. They were haggard and diseased, filthy and wretched. They were shut away from the influence of woman, from the comforts of home and civilized life; they were shut out from all hope for the future, and there was nothing bright, nothing cheering before them. Here we must leave them for years. What they did, what they felt, what they suffered, what sorrows were theirs, will never be known, till the secres of all hearts are revealed.

About twenty years after the prisoners were landed on the island, there was a large and brilliant assembly in the palace at Paris. Ambassadors in their gorgeous dresses, princes and their suits, officers of the army and of the navy, ladies with titles, and ladies with no title but beauty, lords

and literary men, were all gathered into the vast saloon of the palace to do honor to the birthday of the young Prince, - a fine boy of about twelve years of age. As the occasion was in his honor, he, of course, was the centre of attraction and attention. All paid him their respects. Many brought him presents of the most costly kinds. Ladies gave him their sweetest smiles, and all seemed to desire to honor him. Among the guests was an old officer of the navy: He was old, infirm, and apparently better fitted to be nursed, than to be in that gay assembly. Around his neck he wore a fur tippet,—very beautiful, and unlike any fur that had ever been seen in France. It so happened, in the course of the evening, that the young Prince fell into conversation with this officer, and, laying his hand upon the tippet, expressed his admiration of it. The old officer instantly took it off,

and said, "Please accept it, my Prince, as the only offering that on old officer, who is poor and feeble, can ever make. It is a curious article, and it is connected with a history too sad to be told in a palace and on an occasion like this."

"What kind of fur is it?" asked the Prince.

"It is the fur of the black fox, and I don't believe there is another like it in all France."

"Where did it come from?"

"I obtained it from an island that lies a great way off in the ocean."

"May I ask what is the history connected with it? I should like to hear it."

"I may not rehearse it all now, my Prince; but on that island is a company of men,— of Frenchmen too,— who were banished there for crime, many years before you were born. They have suffered from

cold and hunger, from sickness and disease, beyond all I can describe. I called there lately, without knowing that anybody lived on the island. I did them a few kindnesses, and they gave me, as a memorial of my visit, this fur tippet. O, it made my old eyes weep to be obliged to leave them there, and to feel that they must suffer and die there, unbefriended, uncared for, and unpitied."

The young Prince looked sad for a few moments. He held the tippet in his hand and was silent. He seemed to be thinking. At length, with a brightened look, he said: "I will see you again. To-morrow I will send for you. I want to hear it all."

The officer bowed low, and the Prince turned away, holding the tippet in his hand. The ladies crowded around him, greatly admiring that "love of a tippet," and each one wishing she could have one like it, especially if it could be the only one in all France. They said many flattering and foolish things to the Prince, and questioned him hard as to what made him look so sober. But he knew enough to keep his own counsels, and they were none the wiser.

That night the Prince dreamed that he was on board a great ship. She was sailing fair, and all on board was joy and mirth. All at once the ship was turned into a great iceberg, and he was on it alone, floating and tossed on the ocean. He saw whales and sea-monsters come up and look at him, and then sink down again, each one saying, as he drew down his head, "Not now, not now!" Then he dreamed that he was alone in a boat, with sails spread, and he was steering. In the distance he saw land. He turned his boat towards it, and as he came near, he saw

men on it, who were running and screaming in great distress. It seemed that the sea-monsters which he had seen around his iceberg were now on the land, and were chasing and devouring these men, and shouting to each other, "Now, now!"

Thus, though the boy lay on a bed of down, he could not rest. The night was long, and he was glad when the day came. As soon as it was suitable, he sent a carriage for the old officer, and received him in a little room that was his own. Here he made him tell over all the particulars of the tippet, of the island, and all he knew about the poor creatures that inhabited it. After the sad story had all been told, the Prince broke out: "Admiral, these men must be saved from their awful sufferings."

<sup>&</sup>quot;But, my Prince, they are banished."

<sup>&</sup>quot;They can be recalled, can't they?"

- "But they are criminals."
- "Yes, but they are suffering and perishing."
  - "But they are very wicked even now."
  - "They are very needy."
- "But," continued the Admiral, "who can do this thing? They have no friends to petition for them or to lay their case before the king."
- "Yes," said the Prince, "they have. I will do it myself. I will intercede for them, and you and I will go to them and carry a pardon, and we will carry clothing and food, and we will wash them and make them clean and nice, and we will bring them back to France!" And the eyes of the boy glistened as he talked.

"But they won't believe they are pardoned, but will think it is only a plan to get them back to be executed. They won't believe in the mercy of the crown." "Yes they will,—for I will go myself and tell them."

"You, my Prince!"

"Yes, I. You shall see."

The old officer was again dismissed, wondering in himself what would come of all this.

The next day, when the king and his councillors were assembled, and were discussing great questions of state, some one rapped on the door. On its being opened, the young Prince stood before them. The laugh of childhood was gone, and he stepped up to the table, around which they were sitting, and which was covered with great piles of papers, or written documents.

"Have you lost a plaything?" said the king, "or why does my son come into the council-chamber?"

"I want, Sire, to tell you about this tippet." Here he held out the black tip-

pet, while all were silent. And then he told, in the most simple way, the story of the old Admiral, about the poor men on the island. He told how destitute and needy they were; - how much they had suffered, and how that all but forty were dead and gone. In all these twenty years they had had no friend to pity them, no hand to relieve them, and no heart to feel for them, no friend to speak a word of kindness, except during the short visit of the old Admiral. Most earnestly did the child plead for their pardon. The king and his wise men were astonished at the earnestness of the Prince, and finally they came to the conclusion that, at the earnest intercession of the young heir to the throne, a full pardon should be made out. But the boy would not leave the room, till the pardon, in full, was made out over the great seal of France. The old Admiral was summoned, and told what the king had done.

"But," said the Admiral, "these men, though they are the most wretched of all that live, yet they have lived there in filth and sin so long, that they don't want to come back! and though my heart bleeds for them, yet I should have no hope that I could persuade one of them to accept the pardon and return back."

"I know who can persuade them," cried the boy.

"Who?" asked the king.

"I can!"

"You?"

"Yes, Sire, and I have it all planned, and I will go with this good Admiral, and I will carry this tippet in one hand, and the pardon in the other, and we will carry food and clothing, and I will persuade them!"

"It may not be," said the king, "that the heir to my throne, and a tender child, should go and encounter all the dangers of the voyage on this errand!"

But the Prince would take no denial,—and he plead with the king and with his counsellors, till at length they reluctantly gave their consent.

And now the ship was got ready. The clothing and the food, the medicines and everything necessary were made ready. The Prince saw to it all himself. On the mizzenmast he had a large white flag, with a dove in the centre, holding an olivebranch in her mouth. In the ship he had books and everything for the poor men whom he was going to deliver.

Oh! it would have done you good to see him, as he bade his father and the court good bye, and set out alone on his mission of love. It was known where the ship was going, and on what errand; and when she came to sail, the wharves were all crowded with people. The king and all the court, the officers of state, and a very great multitude. Among these were mothers in their age, wives who were growing old, and children who had grown up into manhood, wondering and anxious, whether any of their relatives were to be found among the forty! Loud was the shout and hearty the cheer as the ship set sail.

Early one morning, a poor feeble man on the desert island came hastily to his companions, saying that a ship was come, and that she had a white flag at her masthead! What could it mean? Then the flag of France was hoisted! Then a boat with a white flag was seen coming towards the shore. In that boat, at her bow, stood a pale boy. He looked feeble, — for he had been very sick. Around his neck was a fur tippet, and in his right hand a roll of parchment, and in his left hand a white flag. When he reached the shore, the poor

islanders gathered around him, wondering who he was and what he wanted. leaped from the boat and stood among them and read the proclamation of pardon. The men stared stupidly, and said nothing. He then told them how the old Admiral, to whom they gave the tippet on his neck, had come to carry them home, and that on shipboard they had clothing and food. But such coarse, filthy, foolish, brutish men, the young Prince never saw before. They called him "green," hooted the idea that he was the king's son; did not want a pardon, for they had never done wrong; did not want food, for they had seal-meat; did not want clothing, for did he not see how like seals they all looked; did not want to go back, for their island was good enough! As for being driven off their island, or coaxed away by a pale-faced boy, they had no notion of that!

"He's an impostor!" cried one.

"He is a cheat!" cried another.

"Let him weep over somebody that cares for his tears,—but not over us, noblemen of the isle," cried a third.

With that they began to gnash on him with their teeth, and some began to spit on him, and some to strike him with their hands, and finally they took to the clubs with which they killed seals, and began to smite him. Soon he fell under their blows, and uttered a few groans, crying, "O my father, my father!" They supposed they had killed him, and dragged the frail body over the sands and threw it away. In the mean time the boat had rowed back to the ship, and told the Admiral. In a moment he ordered the great guns to be loaded and began to fire, — not among them, — but all around them, to show that he could destroy them all in an hour. It

would do no good to run; for they could not get off the island, and he could and would kill every one, unless they at once submitted. They found it to be of no use to hold out, and so they submitted, and were all taken on board the ship.

But what was the joy of the good old Admiral, when he came to take up the Prince, to find he was not actually dead! Carefully he carried him to the ship and placed him on his own bed; and the first words the Prince spoke when he revived, were to ask about the poor, deluded men who had treated him so, and to say they should be forgiven!

Joyfully, joyfully the ship bent her course towards France, with all the outcasts on board. The moment the young Prince could get about, he had them all shaved, their hair cut, their old garments exchanged for new, and their table spread with good food, such as he himself ate.

When they reached France, the flag was seen afar off, and the king and the court, and all that could gather, were waiting on the wharves to receive them. Shout upon shout went up, as the ship with her living freight neared the wharf. How the king wept for joy and embraced his son! How he gazed upon the scars that he must carry about him as long as he lived!

"My father, you will still pardon these men! I promised them you would."

"I will fulfil all your engagements."

"My father, you will receive them as good subjects?"

"For my son's sake I will."

"You will forgive their cruelty to me?"

"For my son's sake I will."

"You will restore them to their inheritance, which was taken from them for their crimes?"

"For my son's sake I will."

"You will restore them to their homes and friends?"

"For my son's sake I will."

"O father, I now see of the travail of my soul and am satisfied. These my poor friends were dead, and are alive again. They were lost, and now are found!"

With that the trumpets and the bugles rang out their notes, and the bells all began to ring out their peals of joy, and the cannon thundered, and ladies waved their handkerchiefs and wept, and the multitude shouted,—and in the evening the palace was all lighted up, and the Prince entered his home with a joy never felt on earth—except by one heart!



## VII.

The Living Ship.

The illustration intended by this parable is Regeneration; to show how the Spirit finds the soul, — how it convinces it of its sins and need, and renews the heart.

## The Living Ship.

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THERE once lived in a great city, situated at the head of a noble harbor, a great ship-builder. His yards covered acres of ground, and were filled with every kind of material used in ship-building, and were noisy with the blows of innumerable hammers.

Great piles of planks and beams, of iron bars and bolts, of masts and yards, of old guns and cannon-balls, were to be seen in every direction, and here and there the skeleton-form of some great ship loomed up, or else the broad side of some unpainted and half-finished brig. There were numerous sheds, too, and huge hollow buildings,

under cover of which the nicer ships were built.

In one of these buildings the old ship-builder stood one quiet, moonlight evening, looking at a vessel that was just finished. He was alone,—for all the workmen had gone home, and not a sound was heard in all the yards, except now and then the measured tread of a watchman, and the rippling of the waves against the shore, mingled with the distant hum of the great city.

Old Pierre Dumôt was a famous shipbuilder. There was not a day that some vessel of his did not go sailing or steaming past his yards, and of all the craft that ever entered the harbor, his were the swiftest, the most graceful, and the safest. But of all the ships he had ever built, the one that he was now surveying was the master-piece. It was an immense steamship, and the old man's heart was delighted as he ran his eye along her gracefully sweeping lines, and glanced up her dark sides to where there glistened in the moonlight in golden letters, "THE OCEAN QUEEN."

Pierre climbed up the sides of the ship and paced her decks. The ship was completed, and was to be launched on the morrow. He had carefully selected with his own eye every knee and timber and plank in her. He had himself watched the bolting of the timbers, and the sheathing of the great copper-plates underneath. He had anxiously scrutinized every part of her strong, polished machinery, and superintended the construction and painting and ornamenting and finishing of every apartment, from the saloon to the forecastle. And now as he stood upon her hurricanedeck, and looked with pride upon it all, he felt that it was his last and greatest achievement. He thought of the storms she would meet and outride, of the thousands of passengers whom she would carry safely in her luxurious cabins, and of the vast piles of merchandise that she would transport. And then he thought how she would be abused by rough and careless sailors, and would be at the mercy of ignorant and unskilful commanders, and he thought of the long years he had spent in attaining the skill to design and build such a ship, of the skill he had employed upon her, and of the high hopes he had entertained of her.

" O, if she were only alive!" said Pierre, with a sigh.

Just at that moment he heard a rustling upon the deck behind him. Turning to see what it was, he beheld the form of a female dressed in white. Around her waist she wore a sash of brilliant blue, and a fillet of the same was bound around her head, from which long tongues of lambent flame seemed to wave and flicker upwards. She was surrounded with an atmosphere of faint blue, which reflected the light from her head. Old Pierre trembled and fell upon his knees.

"Pierre," said she, and her voice was as liquid as the sound of running water; "Pierre, thy prayer has been heard! Thou hast been faithful in thy place, and I am sent to reward thee. To-morrow, when thy ship touches the water, she shall become a living thing. But remember! thou must be careful what passengers thou dost intrust to her, and if ever she needs my assistance, call upon me." So saying, she was no longer seen.

Great was the astonishment of old Pierre, and great the astonishment of his workmen, and great the astonishment of

all the multitudes assembled to see the launch, when, the moment "The Ocean Queen" touched the water, she moved off without any steam in her boilers. Her machinery all moved regularly, -her great paddle-wheels revolved steadily, and her rudder turned obediently to the slightest command of her owner, or as the channel and rocks required her to bend her course. Pierre was delighted. She needed no crew, no captain, no pilot! As soon as she was loaded she moved gracefully away, - sometimes going slightly out of her course to disport herself in the great waves, sometimes amusing herself with chasing pirates, and firing her great guns at their vessels, but always arriving at her port in good time, with not a spar broken or a plank started; and then, when she was unladen, and with a new cargo on board, she would return to her own harbor so regularly, that Pierre always knew when to expect her.

But it came to pass that one time when the Ocean Queen was expected home, she did not come. Week after week passed away, and still she did not come. Anxiously every day did old Pierre watch at her dock for his darling ship, but every day left him disappointed. He was walking one evening in his silent yards, sorrowfully meditating upon his ship, when he suddenly bethought him of the spirit that had appeared to him the night before the ship was launched, and of her parting promise.

"O Spirit!" he exclaimed, "where is my darling ship? my living ship?"

Immediately he heard a rustling, and a voice that he at once recognized.

"Pierre, thou hast been careless and disobedient. But thou hast been a faith-

ful workman, and thy ship shall be restored to thee."

Pierre was satisfied, and went home in faith.

Far up in the north, great icebergs dot the ocean, and glisten in the light of the glorious sun. Farther up yet, these icebergs become thicker and the sun lingers longer below the horizon. Farther up still, the whole sea is one vast mass of bergs and broken piles and great sheets of ice, and the shores are covered with a shroud of eternal snow. Here, for half the year, the sun never rises.

And here, in all this desolation, lay "The Ocean Queen." Her masts were gone; her bowsprit was broken; her great paddle-boxes were shattered; her bulwarks were crushed and splintered; and her machinery was silent and still. Upon her decks a crew of wild furies were keep-

ing a horrid revel, and loathsome forms danced madly about, or lay stretched in drunken stupor upon the planks. In an evil hour "The Ocean Queen" had taken on board a gang of pirates and evil spirits in disguise. She now lay helplessly in the ice, without a thought of her former glory, or a wish to return to it. When at last the fiends had finished their frolic, they sunk down in sleep upon the deck, or crawled slowly down into the cabins. One only remained, a being of a giant form, dressed in a long black mantle, with features too dark and concealed to be distinguishable. As he moved about alone with a stately tread, he murmured a song to himself:—

"I am the Spirit of Darkness deep!

The monarch of night, the lord of sleep!

My unseen paths I silent tread

When the sun has gone down to his golden bed!

Drips the dew from my dusky wing! O'er the shuddering earth my mantle I fling. From the land of darkness strange horror I bring! To the arrows of Death I lend the sting! Before my black horses pale Twilight walks! Behind me the Pestilence slowly stalks! With Sleep and Death on either side, O'er a dreary world I proudly ride! I slink in the forms of shadows grim! I lurk in the silence of caverns dim! Down in the ocean's watery caves, Far from the roar of tumultuous waves, In the stillness profound of the fathomless deep I lay me down to unbroken sleep. Corals and gems beneath me spread, A murmuring shell for my royal head, Sea-weed green around me strown Breathless! and deathless! I slumber - alone! Before the stars their anthem sung, Before the blue dome with praises rung, Before the great world in its orbit swung, O'er the infant earth, I, brooding, hung! And when at the trump of the latter day, The world shall have passed in smoke away,

When the parched heavens shall together roll, And shrivel away like a burning scroll, And its ruined pillars shall crumbling fall, I'll throw over worlds my gloomy pall, And watch in the starless tomb of all!

"Night! night! night!
Eternal night!
Around the Throne
Where clouds and darkness dwell!
Night! night! night!
Eternal night!
In the caverns lone
And gloomy vaults of hell!

"Night! night! night!

Eternal night!

In the dying sinner's breast!

The sadness of hope that is riven!

Sin that is unforgiven!

The horror of thoughts unblest!

"He shall sleep

To weep

Hot, unrepentant tears!

He shall wake

To quake

With horrid, endless fears!

"Over his hopeless grave
Hover! hover!
Heart too black to save,
Too dark for Lethe's wave,
Cover! cover!"

Scarcely had he finished his song when a rustling was heard in the air. The fiend was startled and shrunk away into a corner. A faint light spread over the sky,—just enough to reveal the dreary situation of the vessel. Vast mountains of ice shot up into the air all around her, covered with sharp pinnacles that every now and then broke off and came tumbling down with a terrible roar and rattle. And then the light seemed to discover the wretched condition of the ship,—the wrenched and broken beams,—the splin-

tered planks,—the crushed bulwarks; and it stole down into the interior, and revealed the rust that clung to her once polished shafts, and the mould that hung from her once shining panels. Then a soft wind seemed to blow from the south, and it seemed to bring with it the sound of merry bells, the din of a great city, the dashing of the water around the prows of rapidly sailing vessels, the noisy hammering of shipyards, the shouts of sailors, the cries of merchantmen on the wharves, the splashings of many oars, and the puffings of great steamships. Then "The Ocean Queen" remembered what she once was, and earnestly wished that she had never received her fierce crew, - that she could return to her old port and her old master, and play once more in the golden waves of her own harbor. And a dismal fear and foreboding crept over her, as the

sound ceased, and she heard once more the rattling of falling ice, and the grinding of great fields of ice against one another under the heavy swell, and as she saw the yawning chasms fast closing up, and the dreary darkness deepening all around her.

"No," said she to herself, "no, there is no hope for *me*. I am shut up by the ice, and here I must perish,—the price of my folly!"

Suddenly the rustling in the air was heard again, and the same spirit that had walked her decks the evening before she was launched lit upon her bows, in the same white dress, the same sash, and the same crown of fire. As she alighted she broke out in song:—

"I am the Spirit of golden light!
Queen of the day, and colors bright!

I come in the cold and early dawn! I glow in the sky when the sun is gone! On the wings of the morning I nimbly fly! At the gates of the evening in amber I lie! I bathe in purple the rolling flood! I touch with my pencil the flower and bud! Before my bright car in crimson decked, And my horses of gold with silver flecked, Joy, Laughter, and Music trip lightly along, And spirits of mirth from the land of song. With Beauty behind me, and Life at my side, Prancing and dancing, triumphant I ride! In the Northern Lights I flicker and stream! In the shaft of the lightning I glitter and gleam! I flash in the meteor's bursting glare! I burn in the comet's fiery hair! I twinkle and tremble, and glimmer afar, \* And quiver and shiver from star to star! In the ocean of space my paddle I ply! In the moon's waning beauty I sicken and die! When the infant world in her cradle was rocked, And formless creation in darkness was locked, I sprang into life at the awful command, And flourished on high my flaming brand.

And when at the last, her glories shall fade,
And Earth in her beautiful shroud shall be laid,
I'll kindle my beacon over her tomb,
And tell to the universe sin's dreadful doom!

"Light! light! light!
Eternal light!
I scatter away
The clouds from around the Throne!
Light! light! light!
Eternal light!
For Heaven is day,
And God himself the sun!

"Light! light! light!
Eternal light!
In the dying Christian's breast!
The hope that sin will cease!
The consciousness of peace!
The thought of visions blest!

"He shall sleep

To leap

In freedom from all fears!

He shall wake

To take
A crown of endless years!

"Chariot of fire!
Tarry! tarry!
Steeds that never tire,
Ever higher, higher,
Carry! carry!"

As she ceased singing, there suddenly flashed through the air a beam of light, and as it lighted up the darkness, it revealed a long narrow passage through the ice which was not yet closed up. It shed a bright light upon the compass, and showed that it yet turned true. It shone in at the windows of the pilot-house, and illumined the chart upon the wall, and marked out a passage on it in a little line of fire. It looked down into the engineroom, and showed that the machinery,

though rusty, was still strong and whole. The poor Ocean Queen groaned aloud.

"No, no, I cannot move. My machinery is all out of order; my paddle-wheels are broken; I cannot rid myself of my fiendish crew! My master will not receive me! It is too late!"

Then the spirit took from her flaming crown a single spark and placed it in the great furnaces. It was the fire of love. And then she stationed herself at the wheel.

All at once the great boilers began to roar; the steam to rush through all the pipes; the great piston slowly to rise; the great walking-beam to turn upon its pivots; and the great paddle-wheels to dash in the water. "The Ocean Queen" raised her prow in the water with a little of her ancient pride, and then turned and began to move away. Slowly she flut-

tered down the narrow thread of water between the walls of ice. The snow lay thick upon her; the ice clung to her storm-battered sides and broken wheels; and the horrid crew still lurked in her cabins. But she was safe! For in her furnaces there glowed a fire that never dies, and the Spirit of Light stood at her helm!



## VIII.

The Angel of Toil and the Great Mill.

If I have accomplished what I wished, in this story my reader will see,

That we may do much to prepare our hearts to receive salvation;

That prayer must attend our efforts;

That Divine Power must come to our aid; and
That Faith is essential to salvation.

## The Angel of Toil and the Great Mill.

—<del>---2333----</del>

Long before the sailor knew how to use the compass,—and when in his little ship he had to creep along the shore, afraid to go out of sight of land,— even then, the waters of the great ocean rolled and rocked and roared just as they now do. The people used to look off on the waters, and wonder if there was any land beyond them. No Columbus had then steered boldly off and discovered a new world. No Captain Cook had sailed all the way around the earth.

Away, far away beyond where any ship had ever gone and returned was a large island. It was so large, that, though full of

people, it had never been measured. According to their history, it was a beautiful spot. The climate was so delightful that the frosts never came and withered the flowers, the dews never sent a chill through the air, the rains never poured in violence, and the scorching sun never dried up the verdure. The fields waved with plenty, the trees hung loaded with fruits, the vines bent under the burden of grapes, the roadside and the hills and valleys were brilliant with flowers. The groves rang with the music of birds, and the forests were gorgeous with the rich plumage of songsters, The as they darted from tree to tree. people wore the bloom of health. The Doctor was an unheard-of character. The Lawyer was not needed, and they knew not the meaning of the words pain and sickness. The island might be called The Island of the Blessed.

But in the course of time, the Angel of Evil passed over the island. He came suddenly, and as he flapped his dark wings along, clouds and darkness and thunders and lightnings followed in his track. In his hand he brought something that seemed smaller than dust, but as he scattered it abroad, sickness and pains and diseases came upon the people, all over the island. He alighted on the ground, and thorns and thistles, briers and brambles sprang up everywhere. The fields yielded no more harvests. The fruit dropped from the trees and decayed; the birds began to scream in terror; their plumage lost its colors, and their songs their sweetness. The faces of the people lost their beauty and freshness, while wrinkles gathered on their brows, pains crept through their bodies, their cheerfulness fled away, and they became discouraged, sour, and discontented. The

grain, which once hung in little loaves of fresh bread all ready for the table, now became hard and flinty, and they could not eat it as it grew. The cotton-plant, from which they used to go and gather shirts and garments ready made, now only bore raw cotton in the form of wool. The sheep which formerly brought the blanket or the coat already made up, and the Cashmere goat which used to bring the beautiful shawl already for the shoulders of his mistress, now brought only dirty wool and long, shaggy hair. The ground had now to be turned and dug and coaxed, before it would yield anything to eat. And everything was so changed, that in the whole island, there was not a perfect tree or flower, nor a perfect creature, nor a perfect thing!

Driven by hunger, the people went to work, and made spades and hoes and tools,

and began to work in the earth to raise food. But the worst is yet to be told. The climate was so changed that they now had terrible storms, rain, hail, snow, and ice, and they found that they needed more clothing and more food than ever before; and yet it was harder and harder to get a supply. They could raise grain, but could not make it into flour. They had cotton and wool, but knew no way of making it into clothes. What to do they knew not. Add to this, Night came, — a thing unknown before, and they had no light for their dwellings. Nobody can describe the distresses of the poor people of the island in this state of things. They felt that they must starve or freeze, and that their island must shortly become a silent grave-yard. They came together in their great councilchamber to consult and to contrive, but when they met, they could only look one

another in the face and weep. There was none to help!

Just then one came rushing in, wild in looks and trembling with fear, and saying, the heavens had just seemed to open, and flames of light and brightness had burst out, and in these flames two angels had come down to the island, and were now standing and talking together on the hill just east of the town! At once the hall was emptied, and all gathered around the angels and stood as near as they dared. They were bright, beautiful beings, dressed in robes of light. Their wings seemed to sparkle as if covered with the dust of diamonds, and their hair streamed over their shoulders like floating veils of silver. As they talked together, the people began to listen with great eagerness. They learned that their names were, the Spirit of Power and the Spirit of Toil; and thus they talked: -

Spirit of Power.—"Now, my good brother, thou seest the distresses of these poor people. They stand leaning over the grave, and the shadows of death already begin to fall on them."

Spirit of Toil.—"I see it. I feel it. O that I could help them!"

Spirit of Power.—"Thou canst. Thou canst do very much to relieve them. But to do it thou must make great sacrifices."

Spirit of Toil.—"O, I am willing to do anything for these poor creatures. Name the sacrifices, and see."

Spirit of Power.—"How long wouldst thou be willing to stay here and aid them?"

Spirit of Toil.—"O, as long as the ocean rolls around their island,—as long as years are numbered here,—if need be."

Spirit of Power.— "Very well. Thou mayest. Now I must hasten away to an-

other sphere, where I have a great and a long work to do. But I will occasionally come here and see how thou gettest on. The first thing to be done, is to provide these sufferers with food and clothing. In order to that, thou must hasten to aid them to prepare food, clothing, and light."

Spirit of Toil.—"Ay; but what shall I do, and how shall I do it? Pray tell me."

Spirit of Power.—"Dost thou see that stream of water bursting out of that mountain, and rushing down its side?"

Spirit of Toil.—"Truly I do. But what then?"

Spirit of Power.—"Well, on the plain, at the foot of that mountain, thou must rear a huge building, in which there must be different kinds of machinery. In one part, there must be an apparatus for making gas, so that they may have lights in their dwellings; in another part, there must

be great stones whirling round and round to grind their grain, so that they can have bread. In another part, cards and spindles and looms, so that they can have clothing. There must be, near the building, a great water-wheel to carry all the machinery; and the water is abundant to turn the great wheel,—the moving power. Dost thou understand?"

Spirit of Toil.—"I think I do, and I will lose no time and spare no pains in doing it all."

Spirit of Power.—"I know thy willingness. If thou shouldst get into trouble, just call for me, and I will come to thy aid. And now, fare thee well. Thy mission is a glorious one."

With that the Spirit of Power spread his wings, and in a moment was out of sight.

While the people stood looking on, the

Spirit of Toil seemed to fold his wings up closer, and instantly he was changed into a plain-looking man about forty years old. He now had on, - not the bright vesture of the angel, - but plain, coarse trousers, heavy boots, a green-flannel roundabout coat, and a soft woollen cap. hands were large, hard, and rough. His face was sun-burnt and brown. He walked quick, but with a heavy tread. At his side hung an iron whistle, in its form and shape something like the boatswain's whistle in a ship of war. At once, he began to move towards the waterfall, and as he went he broke out in song:—

<sup>&</sup>quot;As the Spirit of Toil I come, I come,
To dwell on this isle, and to make it my home.
I'll shout in the valley and sing on the mountain,
While I dam up the river or open the fountain,—
Dig rocks from the quarry, all buried and deep,
Or roll down the stones from the hill-side steep;

And the forest shall ring with the axe of steel,
As I shape and construct my immense water-wheel.
The oxen shall draw both timber and stone,
And Labor shall pant till the great work is done;
The shovel shall dig and the mortar shall knead,
Till the walls are all up,—so thick and so wide,
That storms shall not shake them or cause them to
quiver,

Nor a stone shall be moved by the rush of the river!

And then for the spindles, the bands, and the wheels,
The spools and the balls, the bobbin and reels,
The whirling and twisting, the sputter and clatter,
The plannings of Spirit, the wonders of Matter;
And then for the stones, for the grinding and bolting,
Like the down of the swan, at the time of her moulting;

Tall chimneys shall rise, and the ovens shall glow,
And bread to the hungry like snow-flakes shall flow;
The old and the young shall hurry and come,
Seize the clothing so warm, and fresh from the loom;
Clothes for the naked, and beds for the needy,
Light for their darkness, and bread for the greedy,
Hope for the dying, and life for the dead,
Joy for the heart, and joy for the head!

"Ding, dong,
Come along,
Delay is sin:
Rocks break,
Forms take,
The work begin.

"Trees fall,
Rise wall,
Cover the roof;
Knead the bread
Draw the thread,
For warp and woof.

"Move wheels
Wind reels,
The thread fasten:
Waters flow,
Fires glow,
Hasten, hasten!"

He then raised his whistle to his lips, and at the clear, shrill sound, the birds on the mountains rose on their wings and

screamed aloud, the wild beasts started up and howled, and thousands of men seemed to rise up from the ground and all set themselves to work. Some of them dug ores out of the ground and smelted them in great fires; some brought coal from the mines; some cut down trees and hewed and sawed them into timbers or boards; some made and burned brick, and some dug out stones and hewed them. Teams were moving in all directions, and men were toiling and shouting. Presently the walls of the great mill began to go up. Higher and higher they went up, till the immense building, thirteen stories high, with its twenty-four chimneys, was all built and covered. Sand had been melted into glass, and the windows were all in. Then came the machinery-rooms for making and baking bread, after the grain had been ground and bolted; vast

rooms for coloring, spinning, weaving, and making cloths.

It was now all completed, and the Spirit of Toil went through the mill, rubbing his hands for joy, and rejoicing over everything. There was the great water-wheel in a building by itself, and every wheel and cog and movement in all, — most perfect.

And now the day had come to put it all in motion. The people came together in great crowds, bringing their grain, their wool, and their cotton, expecting to see wonders and be fed and clothed. Some hobbled there on crutches. Some poor cripples crept there on their hands and knees. Some, more feeble still, were brought there on beds and on litters. The naked and the hungry and the starving all rushed together.

The great water-wheel was put in mo-

tion, and most grandly did it turn round. But, alas! all the rest of the machinery stood still! Not a wheel moved! The people groaned in disappointment, and the Spirit of Toil stood as if thunderstruck. Then, after recovering a little, he flew round among the machinery, oiling the wheels, turning this and that one with his hand, and watching to see where the difficulty was. He neither ate nor slept for three days and three nights. What did ail it? How he planned and contrived and experimented to make his vast machinery move!

First he tried to put it into operation by placing a man at every wheel, and having them all turn at the blowing of his whistle; but he found that some turned too fast and some too slow, some turned the wrong way, some got their fingers among the wheels and wounded their hands, and some could not move their wheel. So he gave up that plan.

Next he closed all the doors and windows, except a door at each end of the long building, and tried to get a strong draft of wind to suck through, in the hope that it would set the wheels agoing; but it only whirled and scattered and mingled together the wool and the cotton and the grain, without moving a single wheel!

Then he built a great wheel at one end and filled it with large magnets, in the hope that by turning it round slowly it would put everything in motion; but, alas! they only drew all the iron-filings and all the old nails that were scattered through the rooms,—but not a wheel moved!

The poor Toiler actually sat down and wept! The machinery was all perfect, and the great water-wheel was moving finely,

the bands were all on, but all stood still! The people in their disappointment began to talk of stoning him and throwing all his machinery into the river.

In his distress he rushed out of the mill, and taking off his cap cried aloud:—

"O Spirit of Power,
In this dark hour
Come! for my need is sore:
For now at length
I've spent my strength,
And I can do no more!

"For the Genius of Evil,
Set on by the Devil,
Has chained every wheel;
He holds in his hands
The cogs and the bands,
And stops both jenny and reel!

"O, come at my cry,

From the earth or the sky,

And save me from madness:

Bring Hope on thy wing,
That the weepers may sing,
And shout in their gladness!"

Scarcely had he ended his call, ere the Spirit of Power stood beside him.

Spirit of Power.—"Brother, what wilt thou?"

Spirit of Toil.—"O, I am in distress! I have done according to thy directions, but I can't make my mill work. The wheels won't move! What shall I do?"

Spirit of Power. — "The water-wheel moves?"

Spirit of Toil. — "Admirably."

Spirit of Power.—"Hast thou connected all the machinery with the great moving power,—the water-wheel?"

Spirit of Toil.—"Yes; but somehow the bands seem to stretch and become weak. I cannot seem to make my machinery feel the moving power."

Spirit of Power.—"Ah! thou hast not used the right material in the band connecting with the water-wheel! There is only one thing that will do. Make a wide band out of the article called Faith, and put it on, and it will all be right. Thou hast done well in all the rest. Fare thee well."

The Spirit of Toil leaped back into his mill, bade the people cheer up, wove his band of Faith, and with it connected his machinery with the great water-wheel. In a moment the cards went to work, the spindles flew, the looms creaked, the mill-stones ground the grain, the ovens heated up, the gas lifted up the gasometer, and bread and clothes and light came out, and the poor Islanders saw it, and sent up a shout of joy, so full and so loud that it reached the third heavens, and entered into the ears of the God of Sabaoth!



## IX.

The Great Cable.

That old lesson—FAITH—has three things essential to it,—and to make these plain is the object of the following story.

## The Great Cable.

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One of those little, rocking steamboats which coast alone the shores of the Mediterranean, and which present so forcible a contrast to the magnificent boats that float upon our own waters, was just approaching the last port at which she was to touch before reaching Naples, the ultimate place of destination. It was in the afternoon of one of those beautiful days which never seem so beautiful as under an Italian sky. The passengers were few, and, like all similar assemblages on those waters, were composed of strangely mingled materials. Most of them seemed to be recovering from the effects of the tossing and rolling which such short and little boats must always encounter in the quick, chopping waves of the Mediterranean, and were here and there composing themselves to such sleep as the noisy machinery and rocking of the boat would allow. Others were gathered in the bow of the boat, looking in a kind of dreamy curiosity at the city they were approaching.

Thus it happened that two of the passengers, seated on the after part of the boat, were left entirely alone. They appeared to have been engaged in animated conversation. Harold Drummond, the younger of the two, was a young Englishman of considerable rank and of still greater pretensions to fortune. He had been left fatherless at an early age, but under the care of his devoted mother, who had lived to see her son graduate with high honors at Cambridge, and of

his Uncle Herbert, his present travelling companion, he had never realized his loss. From Cambridge he had gone to Berlin, and if, when left to his own guidance, he had acquired a taste for German metaphysics, and had exchanged the simplicity of his mother's faith for the dark and shadowy theories of his foreign teachers and associates, he only followed, unwittingly, in the footsteps of many an unfortunate predecessor, and did no more than young men will never cease to do, till parents learn how illusory the advantages and how decided the dangers that, for Englishmen and Americans, attend foreign universities. His personal appearance was prepossessing. His figure was slight, but manly. His high forehead and pale complexion bespoke the student. His features were classic, but a little irregular, and his whole countenance attractive, except that upon his thin lips there sometimes rested an expression that almost amounted to a sneer. His uncle was a man of perhaps forty-five years of age. He was a clergyman of the Established Church, and was accompanying his nephew in his travels, partly for his nephew's sake, partly to restore the health that twenty uninterrupted years of faithful labor had greatly impaired. His face showed deep marks of suffering at some former period of his life, but every line had long since settled into an expression of calm and almost majestic repose.

"You were speaking of Faith, just now, Uncle. It seems to me that men insist upon faith without much knowing what it is, or having very clear ideas about it. They speak of different kinds of faith, but I don't know but of one kind, or at least if there are more than one, I have

never understood the difference between them."

"I don't think there is but one kind either."

"It seems to me so," continued the nephew; "and then it don't make much difference what a man believes, if he is only sincere."

"Is that true, Harold?" said the uncle, quietly.

"Why, yes," he replied; and then after a little pause added, "for if men believe according to their knowledge, what more can be expected of them?"

"Is it so in other things?" asked Mr. Herbert. "The Esquimaux believes that if he could only have walrus-meat enough he would be perfectly happy; but does he not suffer in consequence of such a belief? The African believes that written characters are connected in some way

with magic, and the ignorance and stupidity of his race is a natural consequence. The Thug believes it is his duty to murder men, and he is hunted and killed himself in consequence. Men always suffer in consequence of any foolish and ignorant belief in other things; how are you so sure that supreme happiness will be the result of such a belief when connected with religious subjects?"

"But, Uncle, it seems unjust to punish men for believing what they thought true!"

"It is not for us, Harold, with our limited knowledge and feeble capacities, to judge of the justice or injustice of any course of conduct that God may see fit to pursue; but I did not say that men will be punished for believing what is not true. Probably if God chose to judge men, each by the faith which he profess-

es, there would not be one that could bear the test. I only said that it is not true that it makes no difference what a man believes, even though he may be sincere."

The nephew was silent, and sat listlessly and abstractedly watching the movement of the boat, as she noiselessly glided towards the wharf.

"Harold," said his uncle, "I have a particular reason for wishing you to watch the operation of bringing this boat up to the wharf."

Harold looked surprised; but though he had often seen the thing done before, yet he now took pleasure in complying. Several of the crew had gathered in the stern of the boat, just below Harold and his uncle, around a large cable that lay coiled up at the side of the boat. The end of the cable was made into a large

noose, around which the mate had fastened a small rope. The rest of the little rope he held coiled up in his hand. When the stern of the boat had come near enough to the wharf, the mate, with one whirl around his head, threw the coil of rope on the shore. It unwound as it flew, and struck one man on the head, and another on the back, and lay stretched out over the heads of the crowd. A dozen hands caught it, and three or four men were soon engaged in drawing the cable ashore, as fast as the men on the boat let it out. When the noose of the cable was fairly on the wharf, two or three men lifted it up, and slipped it over one of the large posts that stood so firmly fixed in the wharf. Still the boat lay motionless many feet from the shore. The men on the boat then seized the cable and began to pull in, - not steadily, but by jerks, and at every jerk, the mate encouraged them with a loud "heave-ho!" and the great cable which stretched from the boat to the shore, rose dripping from the water, and then fell back again, as the boat moved slowly up to her place. When at last the boat touched the shore, amid a deal of yelling and shouting, the sailors fastened the cable and went away.

"Well," said Harold, smiling, "she is fast. There is nothing very mysterious in *that*, is there?"

"No," replied his uncle, "I see nothing."

"What did you want me to watch it for?"

"Because faith is a very similar operation,—no less simple,—and indeed very much like it."

"Faith like the mooring of a boat!" exclaimed his nephew.

"Yes, - very much!"

The student looked puzzled.

"Harold, how many things were necessary in bringing that boat up to the wharf just now?"

"Why, a good strong cable was pretty much all," answered Harold.

"Was that all? Suppose there had been nothing to fasten it to!"

"O yes, of course there must be a post."

"Well then what else?"

" Nothing."

"So then you mean to say," said Mr. Herbert, "that a post and a cable will be sufficient to bring any boat ashore?"

"Why, no," replied Harold, laughing, "there must be some one to pull upon the cable."

"Well, then, there must be, first, a cable, secondly, a post, or something to fasten

the cable to, thirdly, men to pull. Now in *faith* there are just three things necessary: belief, truth, determination. Do you understand me?"

"No, I don't think I do."

"We will call belief the cable. Almost all men believe something, some theory or doctrine about religion. But you say the cable is not enough. Neither is belief, although sincere. Therefore most men are not saved. Then we will call the post or shore truth. Belief must be fastened upon something true. If the cable were fastened to another boat, to a log, or to a movable stone, we never should have got ashore. Just so we must believe the truth, — something that is never false or changing or movable. Can you think of any class of people who have these two qualities of faith, and nothing more?"

"Why, I should think that most men

in Christian countries have a belief more or less firm in the — in what is true."

"Yes, and is that enough?".

Harold was silent.

"No," continued his uncle, "there must be something more. The *will* must take hold of this belief with energy and make it the ruling principle of life."

"How?" asked Harold.

"That, my dear fellow, is the great secret of religion, and can only be really learned from experience. But to answer as well as I can,—by entirely submitting itself to a higher will in obedience, confidence, and love. And this principle, when thus active *in* the heart, will show itself outwardly.".

"How?" said Harold again.

"By its works."

"Then you make works necessary to faith?"

"No. Are the leaves of the tree the cause or the proof of life in the tree?"

"The proof only, certainly."

"Exactly."

There was a pause for a moment, and then Mr. Herbert continued: "Then there are some men who only have the first and last qualities of faith, — belief and activity. Can you think of any such?"

Harold thought of the Catholics that he had seen in the great cathedral of Milan; how devout and earnest they seemed to be, and how hard some of them were trying to work salvation out of it, as Luther and Loyola tried.

"There are some too, who, without either belief or knowledge of the truth, are vainly struggling for salvation."

Harold thought of some of his German friends, and was silent.

Mr. Herbert walked away and left Har-

old to himself. The boat had again been put in motion, and the young man, absorbed in a new train of thought, stretched himself upon a settee and was soon asleep.

As he slept, he dreamed that he was still in the boat, but no longer on the Mediterranean. They seemed to be approaching the wharf of a town on the bank of a river. A great crowd of people, as usual, were waiting the boat's arrival. The engines stopped and the boat glided along, but no one seemed to be making any preparation to bring the boat to her landing. The current was strong, and she was drifting away from the wharf. Then it seemed to him that, just at a little distance below, the river fell over a precipice, and went tumbling and roaring down among the rocks, where no boat could live for a moment. The sailors and passengers now first began to see the danger, and were in terror. In vain they hurried to and fro, looking for ropes to throw ashore. They found none, and the shore constantly retreated, and the falls grew nearer and nearer.

All at once it seemed to Harold that a long cable was stretched from the boat to the shore, and all the sailors and passengers clutched it eagerly and began to pull upon it. The captain and officers seemed to cheer them on. But the captain seemed changed into a burly priest in full canonicals, repeating in ceaseless monotony a Latin prayer, and the mate, decked in a turban, was reading from the Koran. Then it seemed to him that the deck and rigging were crowded with many officers, all encouraging the men to work, and every officer was a priest. The proud Brahmin, the fierce sun-worshipper, the Grand Llama, -all were there; and every now and then

they ceased their incantations, and then in the breathless silence nothing was heard except the heaving and panting of the men, the tramping of countless feet as they worked with desperate energy, tugging at the wet, slimy rope; and the heavy rattling and dripping of the great cable as it came up from the water, and passed over the side of the boat. And still the cable did not cease coming, and still the shore retreated, and still the falls came nearer and nearer!

Harold left the rope in despair and leaned over the side of the boat. A cold damp stood upon his forehead, and he was in an agony of fear. He tried to pray, but he could not keep his eyes off the cable. He could see the end of it now, trailing slowly over the ground. It would soon be drawn over the wharf into the water, and then there was no hope!

Would no one throw it over a post? Of all that crowd that had a few moments before lined the wharf, not a soul was left. And still the cable came dripping, rattling up, and still the shore retreated, and already he felt the spray from the falls.

Suddenly a single man appeared upon the wharf, and seizing the end of the cable, with wonderful strength threw it over an iron post. At once the noise of the voices on the boat ceased. The priests of every name were gone. Where the captain had stood, Harold now seemed to see — his mother! She had the same triumphant smile upon her face which he had once seen when he saw her last, and had never forgotten. Harold heard the rattling cease; he heard the cable violently whipping the water, in its struggles to be free; he felt the boat tremble and quiver under the new and powerful strain that came upon it. He heard the beams and the cable groan and creak and strain; and the boat stopped, and Harold knew that she was now safe. Again he seized the cable with willing hands, and again the cable came dripping, rattling up into the boat, but now the falls retreated, and the shore came nearer and nearer. Already he began to perceive the perfume of orange-groves, of vineyards and gardens when — the scene suddenly changed.

Once more he was in the great cathedral at Rheims; the priests were as busy as ever; the perfume rose from many censers; the music of the great organ swelled magnificently through the arches. But the chief priest's voice reminded him of one of his old German professors, and all around and over the front of the galleries, and in the grotesque faces under the arches, he seemed to see the faces of

all his old friends,—members of the Free-Thinking Club and Infidel Circle, leering at him. And then all changed again, and the great cathedral narrowed down into a little, old gray church; again he was in the old high-backed pew, with his hand in his mother's, as he once sat—many years ago, when he was a little boy, and the priest changed into an old gray-haired man, bending over the pulpit with earnest face, and pointing upward.

Harold awoke. The boat was firmly moored to her dock. The city rose before him in golden light, and behind him the sun was just setting in a flood of glory, over the unequalled bay. A little ragged Italian boy stood before him with a basket of oranges, urging them upon his attention, "Vuol Ella comprarne?" Beside him lay the book which he had laid down in order to talk with his uncle. It was

the latest production of a noted German infidel. He took it up and tossed it into the water. On the other side of him a dirty-looking young man, in the dress of a friar, held out to him a string of dirty beads, possessed of wonderful powers and virtues as charms and rosaries, which the Pope himself had blessed, and all "for a Paul."

"Away with your trumpery!" cried Harold.

"Ah, Signor, they are holy,—able to heal any disease,—to accomplish every desire,—to—but Signor must have faith!"

Harold pushed impatiently past him.

"Ah," continued the friar, "if Signor would only have faith!"

## X.

Tudmor in the Milderness.

In this story I have wished to show,

That our race is in a state of ruins;

That these materials are capable of glorious ends;

That God selects his own people as he thinks best;

That by adoption he makes up his family; and

That the redeemed soul will become a beautiful thing in heaven.

## Tadmor in the Wilderness.

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In the great desert of Arabia, about twenty miles from the celebrated river Euphrates, was a green spot. Springs of water gushed up, and turned the otherwise sandy place into a most beautiful landscape. Here, the palm-tree, loaded with fruit, shot up straight into the air, in large groves. Here, the birds of song gathered and poured out their music, built their nests, and reared their young. Here, the flowers of the East, in their richest dress, from the great rose of Sharon and the gorgeous oleander, down to the humble lily of the valley, had their home. Here, the lofty tulip-tree and the

sweet jasmine lived together. The spot was about four miles square. It was what we call an oasis in the desert. The caravans of camels and dromedaries snuffed it afar off, and quickened their steps to reach their resting-place. The rider of the camels saw it in the distance, and knew that when he reached that spot, — one hundred and twenty miles from Babylon, since leaving which, he had seen neither water nor any green thing, - he would find the most beautiful place in all the East. At night, then, there were great caravans resting from their dreary journey. There were groups of men and of animals scattered over the spot. Lights would sparkle here and there, and the tall palm-trees would look like pillars of silver, as the camp-fires sent their light up towards the sky. Here and there groups of the wild sons of the desert would gather around one

who was telling one of the long, splendid stories so peculiar to the East. The song, too, would be heard, and the shouts of laughter; or the groups, all hushed even to tears, were things not uncommon. This beautiful spot had been known before the days of Abraham. They called it "the lily of the morning."

Some hundreds of years after this, the oasis was changed. When the caravan drew near it, instead of seeing the lofty palm-trees, they found a great and beautiful city. It had palaces and domes and lofty spires. It had temples and markets and marble watering-places. It had fountains and gardens, and was full of people. A wall nearly four miles long on each side protected it from enemies and robbers. The beautiful marble pillars stood up in long rows, even for miles, and made the eye weary in trying to see their termination.

There were public squares, where music was poured forth in the cool evening, and great bathing-places, where a thousand people could bathe at the same time. There were libraries, where the learned met, long rows of shops, where men traded, wide streets and narrow streets, through which the elephant, the camel, or the humble ass, came and went. No such buildings, with their fluted columns, their rich carvings, their marble roofs, - no such city gleaming white in the morning sun, or standing like frosted silver in the moonlight, — no such half-way house for traffic and trade between the East and the West, — no such evidence of wealth and art, and taste and talents,—was to be found in the world! It seemed to the traveller as if this beautiful city must have been hewn out of white marble near a vast quarry, and then, by some divine power, taken up and set

gently down in the desert, like a white, solitary bird alighting on some dreary spot.

And whence came all this? Who gathered all these materials, reared all these buildings, made commerce to find a home and a centre in the Great Desert? Who has written the history of this magnificent city, and shown us the real value of earthly things? Ah! we have it,—we have it all in one line,—

"And Solomon built Tadmor in the wilderness."

This, then, is "Tadmor," built by the wisest man, and the richest king that ever lived. Here Solomon had been to see the work of his genius and wealth.

Alexander the Great walked the streets of this "lily of the morning." The Hebrew race was swept off by his conquering hand, and the city turned into a Grecian

city, and was called—doubtless because the palm-tree still shaded it—Palmyra.

From that time, the city began to rock and tremble under the wars that were made upon it, and the armies attracted to it by the expectation of plunder. Here the beautiful queen, Zenobia mustered her army, and on the plains a little way from the city, at the head of seven hundred thousand men, gave battle to Aurelian, Emperor of Rome. The mistress of the East and the master of the West thus met, and though the contest was severe and bloody, yet the Roman eagles, as usual, obtained the victory. For a long time the queen defended her beautiful Palmyra, shut up within its walls; yet at last she had to yield, and the iron hand of war crushed the city. The "lily of the morning" never bloomed again. It became deserted and a heap of ruins. At the present day it bears its old

name, Tadmor. But the inscriptions on its marble are all Palmyrean, and nobody can read them. At this very hour, the traveller may walk among the ruins of this great city, and see what fills him with astonishment. "In the space covered by these ruins," says a celebrated traveller, "we sometimes find a palace, of which nothing remains but the court and the walls; sometimes a temple whose peristyle is half thrown down; and now a portico, a gallery, or triumphal arch. Here stand groups of columns, whose symmetry is destroyed by the fall of many of them; there we see them ranged in rows of such length, that, similar to rows of trees, they deceive the sight, and assume the appearance of continued walls. If from this striking scene we cast our eyes upon the ground, another almost as varied presents itself. On all sides we behold nothing but subverted shafts, others whole, some shattered to pieces, or dislocated in their joints; and on which side soever we look, the earth is strewed with vast stones half buried, with broken entablatures, mutilated friezes, disfigured reliefs, effaced sculptures, violated tombs, and altars defiled by dust."

After the overthrow of the queen Zenobia, and after she had been led in chains and in triumph through the streets of Rome, and after Aurelian had spared her life and given her a princely estate, near Rome, on the banks of the Tiber, and after she was converted to Christianity, a solitary man was standing among the ruins of Tadmor, or Palmyra, and looking on the fallen glories of the city. It was in the evening, and the soft moonlight fell upon the standing pillars, and upon pillars broken and crushed and crumbling, and made everything look strange. Not

a soul was supposed to live on the spot once so full of people. The hoot of the owl, the cry of the jackall, and the flapping of the wings of the bat were all that reached the ear. The badger and the fox crept among the marble with stealthy tread.

"Here at last!" said the man, speaking aloud to himself,—"here at last! My poor mistress, the queen, feels that she will never be allowed to see this spot again. She must die in Italy, a captive. But she says that caravans must still pass through this place, and among these ruins their camels must still rest and find water. She thinks that among those who pass this way there must be many Christians; and she desires here to erect a temple, dedicated to Christ, in which they may worship. This is the only way she knows, by which she can honor that name before she

dies. She has saved her jewels and income for years in order to do it. And here I am, alone, her messenger to build that beautiful temple."

"Holloa there!" cried a voice that seemed to come out of a tomb near by, — "Holloa there! who art thou that talkest aloud to thyself?"

"What's that to thee?"

"Much. Methought I heard thee mention the name of the queen Zenobia!"

"Well, suppose I did?"

"In that case," said the voice, as a tall, graceful figure rose up in the moonlight, "in that case, I want to talk too. Thou art alone, and I do not fear thee; and I am alone, and thou needest not fear me. Who art thou?"

"I am Carbo, a Roman architect. Now who art thou?"

The figure seemed to hesitate, as if dis-

appointed, but straightened itself up to its full height, and said with military boldness, "I am *Ilgar*, once the queen's first general."

"Indeed! thy hand! I have often heard the queen speak of thee; by token, thou wast unhorsed and wounded on the field of battle in the great fight. She ever felt that thy fall was the loss of the battle. She thinks thee dead, and has mourned thee with tears."

The old man—for he was an old man now—sobbed like a child. In a few minutes he stood near Carbo, who was the first to break silence.

"The queen is not the same woman she once was."

"Ah! I understand. The loss of her kingdom, the being taken captive, the utter ruin of her beautiful Palmyra, her close captivity, and the years of time that have passed, must have made a great change in her. But I think of her as she was, when, at the head of her army, she met and nearly vanquished the mistress of the world,—Rome herself!"

"It is not that to which I allude."

"She has not lost her reason?"

"No. But she has become a Christian!"

"Thank God! thank God! Now I am joyful. I shall see her again! I, too, am a Christian!"

The two men now sat down on a broken pillar and talked long and late. The blush of the morning was creeping up the eastern sky before they realized how late it was. They found themselves bound to each other by a wonderful personal history, by their high regard for Zenobia, and still more by their being united to Christ by a hope that took hold on immortality. It was agreed that they should co-operate

and work together in building the temple. Carbo was to be the architect, to plan the building, to select the materials, and to see that in all respects the model was carried out in the building. Ilgar was to go and collect men and food and tools, and superintend all the mechanical part of the work. Carbo was the head, Ilgar the hands and the feet. Carbo was to furnish the means with which to feed and pay the help, and Ilgar was to see that help enough was procured.

The spot selected for the new temple was that which was once the garden of the queen, in sight of one of the great fountains of water, and near the path through which the caravans passed. From a great distance over the desert Ilgar brought his workmen, his tools, and his provisions. Tents were pitched, teams were put into rude stalls, smith's shops glowed with fires, the anvil rang, and the noise

of men sounded strange amid the great ruins. The foundations, after the ground was fully prepared, were carefully laid, especially the great corner-stone. Indeed, every stone in the foundations was a wonder, and each seemed to sparkle and glow like a vast diamond. Slowly and carefully went up the walls of the temple. The stones were all hewn from great marble blocks which had been gathered ages before, in order to rear a great heathen temple. They were in the rough, and had never been hewn before. Ilgar rejoiced greatly that they could thus use stones that had never been used before, and which seemed to have been created and kept for the very purpose of building a temple to Christ! It was to be a vast and capacious building. The plan of Carbo was to have it tower up high, with a great dome on the top, to be seen

from afar on the desert. It was to be of pure white marble, that would glitter like silver in the bright sun. It was to have a great room, where the people might worship, where the word of God might be read, where the organ might roll its volume of sound, where the preacher might stand and speak to the way-worn men who came to worship, and where prayer might mingle and rise up to heaven. In another part of the building was to be a great hall for a library, from which the ministers might draw and feed the people with knowledge and understanding. There were to be Music-chambers, where the sons of song might fit themselves to praise the Lord; and a Hall of Memory, in which pictures might hang, and upon which the eye would look with pleasures; and the Hall of Hope, where the walls would sparkle like gold, and

on which beautiful garments and bright crowns were hanging. There were also Halls of Painting, in which the Imagination went and drew pictures of Christ and his glory; and secret rooms into which the worshipper might retire alone,—for these secret rooms were so small that only one could be in each—for meditation and prayer. The lamps that hung in all parts of the building were of pure gold, and their light flashed and filled every part, even to the great dome that hung over all.

It would take a long time to tell of the toil and the difficulties these men met with in erecting this temple. Sometimes their men would mutiny and refuse to work, and threaten to pull down and destroy all they had done. Sometimes the robbers from the desert would come with sword and spear, rushing upon swift

horses, and threaten to destroy all the men and carry off all they could. Sometimes the two friends got discouraged, and felt that they must give it up. Sometimes the earthquake would come, and shake the spot, and the building would rock, and its walls totter, and their joints burst asunder, and all seem ready to fall. Sometimes the sands from the desert would blow in and threaten to bury up everything. But the two friends toiled on, year after year.

And now came the tug of war. There were to be, according to the plan, one hundred and forty-four great and beautiful pillars to stand under the roof. They must be very strong, for they were to sustain a great weight; and very lofty, for the roof was high from the ground; and very perfect, for they must stand for ages; and beautiful, for they were to be the chief

glory of the building. On their tops, the capitals were to be carved so beautifully that ten years' work would be required for each one. But where should they find stones large enough and suitable for these pillars? Ilgar had never spoken of it to Carbo, but he had long and anxiously pondered over the subject. At last he found no stones that would possibly do, and so he mentioned the subject to the architect.

"Those great pillars," says he, "so large, so tall, so handsome, so strong, and so many in number,—where *shall* we find them? Hast thou ever thought of that?"

"Yes, often."

"Dost thou see any place or way by which we can procure them?"

"Yes. We will take these pillars that are lying scattered around us and make pillars of them."

"Why! they are cracked and broken!"

- "We will mend them!"
- "They are too short!"
- "We will make them longer."
- "But they are unshapen and in fragments."
  - "We will bring them into right shape."
- "But, my dear Sir, they are all polluted with heathenism. They have all been in the service of idols, and cast out and used for the service of the Devil."
- "We will cleanse them, purify them, renew them, ADOPT them, and make them pillars in the temple of the living God."

Ilgar shook his head, and had no faith that the thing could be done. For the pillars that lay scattered around were buried,—some of them deep in the sand, some were broken into fragments, some were covered with moss and slime, all had lost their beauty, and, what was most discouraging of all, every one seemed to

have lost all cohesion, so that there was no power or strength in it. The least touch would cause it to crumble.

But the architect had a way and a power of his own. He would go out alone and select a pillar, and silently and secretly put power in it so that it would adhere together. Sometimes he would select one that stood upright and erect, and throw it down and break it in the fall. Sometimes select one that had long been buried in the sand, and pry it out. Sometimes take one that seemed to be full of cracks and shakes, while a much fairer one lay by its side. Sometimes he would go off a long way, and select a pillar and pass by hundreds that were nearer. Sometimes he would take the most ungainly and unsightly one, out of which to make his pillar. But he chose them in his own way. Sometimes the workmen would find fault

and call him a fool; sometimes they would grumble because he selected those that wanted so much working, so much mending, cementing, chiselling, rubbing, and polishing. But Carbo paid no attention to all this, but went on and completed his pillars as fast as he could, and set them up, one by one. Each one came into its place, and each one was perfect. Ilgar watched the process anxiously, but soon said that he was satisfied. The pillars showed no flaws, no seams, no imperfections. The moss gathered by ages was all removed. The dirty, yellow tinge contracted by standing in the temples of idols was all gone. They were remodelled and polished, and adopted into the temple and service of God. Carbo used to called them his "adopted" children, and the delight with which he gazed upon each one, and the care with which he polished it, was beyond description. These pillars were the beauty and the glory of the building. Such had never been seen before, so fair, so strong, so polished, and so beautiful.

The temple was completed, and all ready to be dedicated. Every room was complete, every hall was finished, and it stood there, among the ruins of old Tadmor, the fairest thing the eye ever rested upon. And what was strange, those pillars grew brighter and smoother every day. Even the storms and the showers of sand, and the rocking earthquake seemed only to make them brighter. When the temple came to be dedicated there was a great company present, who happened to be passing through the desert, and a joyful and a glad day it was to the two friends, who had so long and so faithfully toiled upon it. The queen was not there, but One greater than all kings and queens

was present, and came and filled the house with his presence, and the light of his face seemed to make the one hundred and forty-four pillars smile and glow like living things.

And now came a great disappointment. It was found, that after the temple was done, the waters of the pools soon began to dry up, the palm-trees to wither and die, and everything become dreary. As soon as the waters were gone, every green thing died, and the sands of the desert came in with the winds, in great clouds; and the earthquakes became more frequent, and it was plain that the caravans would cease to come that way. Then of what use would that temple be? Who would use it? Who stop and admire those wonderful columns which surrounded it so gracefully?

"Ah!" said Ilgar, "we seem to have

lost all our labor! As soon as we had completed our work, even before we could inform the Queen, it becomes evident that men have done coming this way, and it will have none to worship in it. It will do no good to anybody."

"Alas!" said Carbo, "that is not the worst of it. We must leave it, for, without water, we shall perish here; and then, how soon will our temple begin to decay! The storms will beat on it,—the sands will fill it, the earthquake will shatter it, mould will cover it, and decay and ruin will creep over it. Most of all, do I sigh over my pillars, my beautiful pillars! They cost me more thought and care and toil than all the rest of the building. It is not every stone that will do; nor out of every one could I make a pillar for my God"

The poor toilers shed tears together

over their disappointment. They went up and sat down among these glorious columns to admire them once more. As they sat and talked, the air seemed to grow thick and heavy. They began to grow drowsy. Soon the winds from the dreary desert came roaring in, and then the lightnings flashed, and the thunders roared, and the earthquake shook the ground. They saw the temple shake, the great stones heave out of the walls, the roof come thundering down, the beautiful pillars shake, and reel, and fall, and crumble, one by one, till not one was left standing! And still they slept, — though they saw it all!

How long they slept, — how long a time it took for the temple to fall and the beautiful pillars to be broken into fragments, — they never knew; but they awoke at last, and sprang upon their feet in all the freshness and vigor of youth! Such elasticity

of body, such air to breathe, such bounding of the heart in joy, they never experienced before. They looked around, and the great ruins of old Tadmor were all gone; the fragments of the temple whose fall they had wept over, were all gone. The dreary desert over which the eye wandered in vain for a living thing, was no more. The scorching heat of the winds, coming over the sands, was no longer felt. But they found themselves in a land where every tree hung with the most delightful flowers, or with fruit more golden than the orange or the pomegranate, where the fields were all a garden, in which waters leaped and dashed and murmured, where flowers, in wonderful colors and forms, grew in rich profusion, fairer than were ever dreamed of, even in the gardens of Damascus, and where were fruits that were so rich that they thrilled upon the

taste. The sky hung over the head a vast, unmeasured dome of fretted gold, making the air to seem like the softest amber, in color and purity. There was no sun to scorch, no moon to shed light that was only the mockery of light, but it seemed to be a world of light,—and light, light, breaking out from everything. But as Carbo turned his eyes towards a smooth, gentle hill at his left, he cried out: "O Ilgar! look there!"

"What is it?"

"Don't you see? It's our temple! Let us go to it!"

Towards it they hastened! And there it stood, looming up more beautiful than ever before! And those pillars! They were not now the cold, pure marble shafts that they had toiled at so long; but they were changed. They seemed to be alive. Light came from them as if radiated, and

they seemed to tremble with emotions of joy. If the soul of an angel had entered into each one, and made it his home, it could not have shown greater signs of life and gladness. They seemed at one moment to glow with love, and then they were pillars of fire; at another moment to be instinct with thought, and then they were pillars of light; at another moment, to be filled with joy, and then they became pearl and silver and gold. The diamond never shone as they did. And then they seemed to break out in song, so loud and so sweet that the music filled all the air, and rolled away and died in distant, sweet echoes. The thick groves caught the notes and repeated them over and over again, as if all the daughters of song were gathered there, and each lifted up her sweet voice to its full measure. The purport of their song was, that once they were

poor, broken fragments of rock, buried in sand and covered with moss, unsightly and useless, going faster and faster to decay, lying with thousands like themselves mouldering and unsightly; yet they were dug out, and polished, and new powers were given them, and they were adopted into the great family of pillars that ornaments the Palace of the Great King; that they were once in a land where the storm and the winds and the earthquake brought ruin in their sweep, yet a Divine hand had gently and kindly transferred them and brought them to a land where decay never comes! They were once nothing but cold marble; but now they had *life* put into them, — life, blessedness, and immortality! Unto Him that loved us, chose us, cleansed us, renewed us, ADOPTED us, and made us pillars in the Temple of our God, — living pillars,—be honor and glory everlasting!

"O Ilgar! how we wept when we saw our pillars falling to ruins among the old fragments of Tadmor!"

"Yes, and thought our labor all lost."

"We knew not what we were doing when we reared them up for an earthly temple!"

"No, Carbo, no! But who would have thought that what was crumbling and turning to decay could, by any power, become living pillars in the eternal temple of God?"

"Ah, I see! It is not till we come here, that we can understand the redeeming, the renewing, and the 'ADOPTING' love of Jesus Christ!"

## XI.

Cimothy Cuttle and the Little Imps.

In the following story, I have endeavored to show the condition of

The Thoughts,
The Reason,
The Memory,
The Conscience,
The Imagination,
The Hopes,
The Fears,

of the human soul, in their natural state; and how the Holy Spirit purifies, enlightens, and sanctifies all these,—till every thought shall glorify God.

## Timothy Tuttle and the Little Imps.

TIMOTHY TUTTLE, Esq., was reclining one evening upon his own soft, comfortable sofa. The gas-light flashed brilliantly over the turkey carpet and rose-wood furniture, and fell softly upon the velvet, upholstered chairs and the rich Damascus curtains. It stole between them, too, and streamed out at the window into the open street; for it was a mild evening in June, and the cool air came refreshingly in, as the bright light flashed gayly out.

Timothy Tuttle, Esq., one of the first merchants who meet on Exchange, was reposing after the fatigues of the day, and was regaling himself with a little dish of reverie. His family were spending the week in the country; so his dreams were uninterrupted. Timothy Tuttle, Esq., was not so bad a man after all. He was successful in business, happy in his connections, moderately liberal in his charities, honorable in his dealings, respectable in his religion, and unquestioned in his morality. At present he was thinking of his ships in the Chinese seas, of his last speculations in tea, of his neighbor Hudson's new span of horses with their long tails, of a plan for a splendid, new house up town, and a hundred other pleasant little things, - altogether too pleasant not to be soothing in their influences. And so it is not to be wondered at, that he began very soon to feel drowsy, and, yielding to the sensation, was quickly asleep.

When he awoke up, as he supposed, he thought he heard something moving on

the carpet, and turning his head to see what it was, he beheld about a dozen of the strangest little creatures imaginable. They were little *Imps\** in human form, but winged, and not higher than Timothy Tuttle's knee. Besides this, they were perfectly black from head to foot, and displayed much grace and agility in their movements.

Timothy Tuttle was a pretty bold man; but he was not a little startled at beholding this unexpected sight. As soon as they saw that he was awake, the little imps began to make very low bows in quick succession, which grew more and more rapid, till at last, they ended in a series of quick little nods. All this time they were grinning incessantly, and showing their little white teeth from ear to ear.

<sup>\*</sup> His own thoughts.

The merchant suddenly heard something near his head, and started quickly away; and there, upon the arm of his sofa sat one of these little creatures mowing at him!

"Don't be afraid, Timothy, it's only me!"

"Who on earth are you?" said Timothy, "and what do you want?"

This question seemed to amuse the little fellows highly; for they all began to bow again,—their grinning had not ceased,—and to caper about in fine style.

"How do you do, Timothy?"

"We are very glad to see you, Timothy!"

"Don't be afraid, it's only us!"

"Yes, Timothy, we are all here!"

"I am glad of that! I am glad that there ain't any more of you!"

"Plenty more, Timothy! plenty more! But we'll do, Timothy, we'll do! O yes! we'll do, we'll do!"

Timothy could not help feeling a little awed, as he looked at their strange antics. He looked sharply around to see where they could have come in. The door was fastened, and the window only was open.

"What do you want? Go away! go away!" cried he, in a husky tone of voice.

- "De-lighted to see you, Timothy!"
- "Flattering reception, Timothy!"
- "We'll be happy to stay, Timothy!" cried out one and another; and then they all renewed their bows with increased politeness. Timothy looked around for some weapon of defence, but saw nothing within reach.
- "What do you want?" demanded he again.
  - "Want you, Timothy!"
  - "Must come with us, Timothy!"
  - "Gratified with your company, Timothy!"
  - "Where?" demanded he.

The little imps pointed over their shoulders with their thumbs to the open window.

Timothy reflected that he was in the second story of the house, and any attempt to go out by the window, without wings, would be preposterous. He drew his hand across his eyes to assure himself that he was not asleep, and that he was not crazy. When he withdrew it, they were still there, bowing more politely than ever. He seized the pillow of the sofa, and was about to hurl it at them, when all at once they flew at him. Resistance was vain. They quickly overpowered him, and disarmed him of his pillow, and then seizing him by the arms and legs, they flew out of the window, carrying him off bodily.

How far he was thus carried, Timothy Tuttle never knew, but it seemed to him

a long distance. When he found himself again at liberty, he was lying upon the bare ground in the cold moonlight. He sprang up and saw his little friends all standing around him in a circle, at a respectful distance, bowing and nodding to him in the utmost good-humor. He looked around to see where he was. He found himself in an open plain, surrounded on all sides by forests. Nothing was in sight but fields and woods, except one very large Gothic building,\* which stood at no very great distance from him. It was old, but a larger and more magnificent building than Timothy Tuttle had ever seen. Its pointed roof and windows rose high against the sky, with stained-glass windows and projecting buttresses alternating in a long line of gray stone walls. The turrets and

<sup>\*</sup> The human soul.

towers and doors were beautifully ornamented with carvings, and the walls were hung here and there with great patches of green ivy. But the building was sadly out of repair, and falling to decay. The windows in many cases were broken; the stones were covered with lichens, and some of them were crumbling in ruin. Some of the arches were almost entirely gone, and the roof, in some places, threatened to fall in. Timothy Tuttle turned from surveying the building, to his strange, grinning, little companions.

"You are wanted, Timothy!" cried one of them."

"Where?"

They all pointed to the great doors of the building.

"But what if I will not go?" asked he, in as cool and determined tone as he could assume.

At this the little creatures all began to caper about in great glee, and then joined in singing a little chorus:—

"Mortals brave
That disobey,
Little imps
Will bear away
If he still
Refuse to go,
If he dare
To answer so,
Take a pin
And stick it in!"

At that instant Timothy felt a sharp pain in one of his legs; it was so acute that he could hardly help crying out. He felt that he could not do anything better than obey; so he turned and began to walk towards the building. He had no need to look, in order to know what the little imps were doing, for the quick patter of their little feet, and the fluttering of their little wings, assured him that they were close behind. Only once did he turn his head, and then his ears were greeted with: "O yes, Timothy, we are all here!"

"Yes, yes, Timothy! we're all a-coming!"

When Timothy had fairly entered the great arch that constituted the doorway, he found that the whole interior of the building made but one immense room. It was surrounded by galleries, rising tier above tier, and its sides were divided off into arcades and recesses and alcoves, but still it was all one room.

From the centre of the arched ceiling hung a splendid chandelier\* with a thousand lamps; but three quarters of the

<sup>\*</sup> The Reason.

lights were extinguished, and of the remaining quarter, some were flickering and burning low, and some were smoking, so that the building was but dimly lighted. At first entering, his ears were filled with a hissing and fluttering sound, and when he had been there long enough for his eyes to become accustomed to the light, Timothy saw that the whole building was filled with just such little imps as had been his conductors to the place, whom he could now no longer distinguish from the rest. They were flying up and down, and flitting to and fro, and were apparently very busy. Looking upward, he saw four or five large windows,\* from which they appeared to be flying away, and in at which others would dart with surprising velocity, —just as bees come and go from their

<sup>\*</sup> The five senses.

hive. But the most disagreeable part of it, was their extraordinary politeness to Timothy, and the grinning that arose on all sides when he entered. Timothy Tuttle was no coward, and, stepping up to one of those that had just come in, he entered into conversation with him.

"You seem to know me?"

"O yes, yes, Timothy," replied the little creature, nodding violently. "Yes, I know you, I know you!"

"Well, where do you all go to, out of those windows up there? and where do you all come from?"

"O, we go — pretty much all over, — yes, pretty much all over, Timothy, — all over, all over!"

It seemed as if the little fellow would nod his head off!

"Where have you been, and where did you come from just now?"

"O, I've been to China."

Timothy looked as if he did not believe him.

"Yes, I've been in the Chinese seas, on board the brig Royal Bessie; and I've been counting my boxes of tea, and they are just 523 chests,—net profit twenty-nine dollars the chest,—fifteen thousand one hundred and sixty-seven dollars!"

The little wretch winked hard and knowingly. Timothy was dumb; for he remembered of what he had been thinking when he fell asleep, and the letter that he had just received that very afternoon with reference to the Royal Bessie, and the calculations of profit he had been making.

His little companion left him, and he wandered on to a quarter of the great edifice where he saw a large number of these little creatures very busily at work.\*

<sup>\*</sup> The Memory.

He found them painting on the wall with little brushes. It was amazing to see how rapidly they would sketch a picture; and as fast as some of the little winged messengers arrived with new colors or new designs, they would rub out all their work and begin anew. Timothy watched them a moment, but he fairly held his breath when he saw one and another of the past scenes in his own life start out upon the wall, - some of them scenes which he had often remembered, - some of them scenes which he thought no one ever dreamed of but himself. Here, one and another of his deeds, — some of which he had taken great pride in, some of those which he thought were known only to himself, were drawn to the very life, on the wall!

While he was gazing at all this, he heard a new commotion, and turning around he saw a new wonder. From

behind a large, dingy curtain that hung at one end of the edifice issued, rather than walked, the form of a female.\* She was of great beauty, but her eyes were downcast, and her countenance dark and very sad. She carried in her hand a little scourge of many lashes. She uttered not a word, but moved listlessly back and forth, a little way from the curtain, now and then seizing one of the little imps and administering a few blows with a feeble arm; and then she stole softly behind the curtain again. This she did quite frequently. Timothy was interested to know who she was, and applied to one of his little friends for information.

"That's her! that's her!" replied the little fellow. "I tell you she's one of them!" And then he added in a low tone:

<sup>\*</sup> The Conscience.

"Sometimes she gives us big licks; but she's getting old and feeble lately, and we dodge her! O yes! we can dodge, we can dodge!"

Timothy turned away from the little, grinning creature, and moved on to where another crowd were busy in sketching other pictures.\* He was almost afraid to look at them, but when he did, he saw that the painters were strangely mingling up the designs that their little messengers were constantly bringing them, - sometimes selecting only the most beautiful parts, and throwing rich, glowing colors over the whole; sometimes choosing only the ugly parts, and making the picture too horrid and too disgusting to look upon. But Timothy was perplexed; for of all the pictures, there were none that he did not

<sup>\*</sup> The Imagination.

think that he had seen somewhere before. Here, too, he began to turn his attention particularly to another fact. Not all the inhabitants of this great edifice were like the little creatures he had thus far seen. In the shadows of the great pillars, and in the dark recesses under the galleries, there lurked and crawled great slimy things that made one shudder to look upon.\* Enormous spiders, larger than Timothy had ever dreamed of, ran swiftly across the floor, and hung in great masses of web over his head. Great, poisonous centipeds and lizards clung to the mouldy walls, and cold, slippery serpents glided noiselessly along. Occasionally he came upon huge, shapeless creatures that lay curled up on the floor, weltering in their own slime, and staring at him with their great, watery eyes.

<sup>\*</sup> Vile affections of the heart.

Timothy hastily picked his way out into the light again. Here he found two other groups of painters. Those of the one \* were using brighter colors, and blending them more beautifully than he had ever seen before, - but he could scarcely believe his own eyes when he saw the picture of his future house start out from the wall, and the images of a thousand other things that he had wished and hoped for. The painters in the other group + acted strangely. They touched their brushes to the wall hastily and tremblingly, and glanced over their shoulders continually in terror. Their pictures did not assume any definite form, only here and there, from the obscurity, such a figure loomed up of something or other that had given Timothy a little uneasiness at times. And here he saw the

<sup>\*</sup> Hope.

dim outlines of another world, of which he once heard in a sermon.

He next came upon a crowd of little imps that were busily engaged in piling up little blocks.\* Going up to them, he discovered that on each block was painted a number, and the little imps were piling them up in every shape, and then knocking them all down and beginning all over again.

He noticed, too, that though all the little imps were grinning at him, their faces were every kind of expression, in which the spiteful, the hateful, and the malignant predominated; and some of them were so hideously ugly, that he could not bear to look at them.

While Timothy was watching them, he found he had got near the great curtain.

<sup>\*</sup> Schemes.

On either side of it he saw a great, marble basin. The one, had evidently once contained a fountain; but it was half choked up with mud now, and only a little water oozed out of it, in which two or three little imps were dabbling. On the wall behind the fountain he saw an inscription, which, after rubbing off a good deal of mould and dirt, he succeeded in spelling out:—

"THE WATER THAT I SHALL GIVE HIM, SHALL BE IN HIM A WELL OF WATER SPRINGING UP UNTO EVERLASTING LIFE."

On going up to the other basin, he was astonished to find it full of liquid fire, and on the wall behind it, after a good deal of difficulty, he read such sentences as the following:—

"Who among us shall dwell with the devouring fire? Who among us shall lie down with everlasting burnings? He that

WALKETH RIGHTEOUSLY AND SPEAKETH UPRIGHTLY,
AND SHUTTETH HIS EYES FROM SEEING OF EVIL:
HE SHALL THOROUGHLY PURGE AWAY THY DROSS:
FOR OUR GOD IS A CONSUMING FIRE."

Scarcely had Timothy finished deciphering the writing when he heard behind the great curtain a sound "as of a mighty rushing wind," and at the same moment, the two fountains began to boil up, and cast out their dirt over the sides of the basins; and this they continued to do, until at last they settled down quietly, each basin being brimming full, the one of pure water, the other of pure fire.

The little imps seemed to hear it too. At first they were awed and hushed by it, but in a moment they began to fly about in tenfold confusion. Very few now left the building, but others did not cease to

<sup>\*</sup> The Holy Spirit.

arrive, till at last Timothy was perfectly bewildered with the noise and confusion around him.

Suddenly the great curtain was drawn aside, and the lady \* that Timothy had seen using the little whips was discovered, sitting on a throne, in a noble arched recess. The whole recess looked dirty and dingy, and the very throne was so tarnished that it was impossible to tell of what material it was made. But the change in the lady was what attracted Timothy's special attention. Instead of the weak, feeble creature that she had but lately seemed, she was now sitting erect in the consciousness of strength. Her head was thrown back, her eves flashed, her nostrils dilated, and in her hand she still held the little scourge, but every thong seemed now to writhe and

<sup>\*</sup> Conscience.

twist and end in a little snapper of fire! At the sight of this and of the awful frown that was upon the lady's face, all the little imps began to howl dismally. The lady rose and came down from the throne into the building, and every little imp fled from before her. But they could not escape. Seizing the first one she met, she plunged him several times into the great basin of water, and then taking him out and looking at him for a moment, as he quivered and kicked in her grasp, she walked across to the other great basin, and deliberately plunged him in!

Timothy stood horror-stricken. He had to lean against a pillar to support himself, as the sickening thought came over him—of the crisped little form that was to come out of the fire! What was his amazement to see the little creature rush away, as soon as released, howling wofully, but ap-

parently unharmed. Timothy watched this operation repeated over and over again, at first without comprehending the meaning of it. But very soon he began to fancy that those who were oftenest subjected to this treatment began to look a little less black, and that some who wore malignant and disagreeable expressions upon their faces, came out of their bath as smiling as need be.

Then the lady began to collect troops of the little imps, and drive them before her with her fiery scourge, and make them begin to scrape the dirt up from off the floor, and down from off the walls, and to repair the places that were broken, and to polish up the rusty and dirty places. And all the rubbish they threw into the fiery basin. Sometimes, too, half a dozen of them would bring one of the great slimy reptiles, and drop him in, and those

that were thus dropped in never came out again. As the little imps thus worked away, they broke out in song:—

"Little hands Quickly fly! Little feet Patter by! Little wings Flutter! flutter! Fiery fountain Sputter! sputter! All the rubbish Thither take! Little whip Will make us ache! Tug! tug! The big bug! Spider foul And slimy thing In the fire Lightly fling! Dig! dig! In the dirt!

Little fiery Snappers hurt! Lamp celestial Brightly shine! Glisten! glisten! Walls divine! Rub! rub Off the rust! Little wings The carving dust! Sparkle! sparkle! Precious stone! Pearly roof! And ivory throne! O dear! Dear! dear! Hear the little Lashes crack On each little Lazy back! Hear the glowing Basin boil! Little imps Must burn and toil!" Timothy watched all this, till he began to think that, if the lady continued this, she would make a very different looking place of the building before long. Finding himself rather weary, he stretched himself on the floor, and again he slept.

When he awoke he found that he was lying in a strong light. Trying to rise, he found that his limbs and back were stiff, and when he was on his feet again, he found that he could not stand so straight as when he lay down, and he now walked tremblingly and with pain.

"Surely," thought he, "I have taken cold lying on this cold marble!"

He had gone but three steps before he came to a large mirror that he had never noticed before. As he glanced into it, he started back,—for he now saw reflected, not the handsome, erect, young-looking Timothy Tuttle, of whose person he used

to be rather vain, but an old, gray-headed man, with wrinkled features and bent form; — yet there was something about the face that told him it was the same.

He looked around to see where he was. And the same great roof was stretched over his head, and the same great chandelier threw its light over all. But it was changed. The lamps burned brighter, and in greater numbers. Instead of the dirt under his feet, the marble floor rang as he walked over it. The walls looked less dingy, and upon them could be traced the dim outlines of some beautiful designs. The pillars and pilasters stood out with more prominence, and shone with a brighter polish. Under the galleries ugly shapes still lurked in the darkness, and hateful faces occasionally peered from behind the pillars. But they were now less numerous. And the gloomiest recess was now lighted up with a faint glimmering. The throne was changed too, and had assumed a more distinct form, and a dirty white color. The great basins still held their liquid floods; but the water in the one seemed purer, and the fire in the other glowed with a less ruddy and lurid, but with a paler and whiter, and probably more intense heat. His little friends were all around him, and still as busy as ever, working and scraping and polishing and flying in and out at the windows, much too busy to pay any attention to him. And they were changed too. They had almost all lost their intense blackness, and their senseless grins, and were flitting to and fro in every shade of gray, and with more or less cheerful smiles. Some of them were even white! And Timothy noticed that towards these the lady relaxed her frown, while towards the others she was more severe than ever.

She too had changed. Her face and form were more beautiful. Her step was firmer. Her blows were heavier. And when Timothy had seen all this, he began to feel drowsy again, and sank down into a profound sleep.

How long he now slept he did not know, but it seemed to him but a moment. He sprang up with an agility and ease that he had never known before. He felt a strange dizziness and lightness in his limbs. He looked into the mirror before which he had been standing and was shocked! for he saw — nothing! He took another step, and gazed more anxiously. Still there was no reflection. He looked at his feet, and there lay an "old man"! the same that he had seen in the mirror before. His face was calm, and his breast, across which his hands were folded, was motionless. It was evident that it was

his last sleep. Timothy looked around him. Still the same great building; still the same great chandelier; still the same pattering of little feet and fluttering of little wings.

But O how changed! how changed!

The great roof was composed of transparent pearl, brilliantly carved, and fretted with lines of the most brilliant rose-diamonds. Pendent from it dangled great diamonds and pearls, cut into the most exquisite forms. The walls were of ruby and topaz, and in them, in rich mosaics, sparkled all the precious gems, representing scenes more beautiful than were ever seen on earth. The huge pillars reared themselves in serpentine and jasper, and around them twined, and from their graceful capitals hung, the immortal, golden amaranth. The floor was of tessellated marble, but it was delicately inlaid with

onyx and amethyst. Above the recess the ceiling glistened one solid emerald, and beneath it, upon a throne carved from ivory, and studded with gold and diamonds, sat the lady. Her scourge and frown were alike laid aside, and from her eversmiling countenance shone a divine beauty. The great chandelier, every lamp of which was now pouring out a silver light, sent its soft radiance into the farthest corner, and found not a stain and left not a shadow; and the deepest recess was filled with a pearly lustre. The great basins were still there, but they were now shooting up great fountains, that threw high up their spray, and fell back again into the basins with a musical patter. The one was still of the purest, coldest water, and the other of the purest, hotest fire; but there now seemed to be no difference between them, — for they both looked like fountains of liquid, transparent glass.

But the greatest change of all was in the little Imps!

There was not one among them, now, that was not of a purer transparency of white than Timothy had ever conceived of: not one upon whose face there did not play a smile. They worked harder; they flew in and out of the windows faster than ever. And some of them were playing in the fountains, in the water and the fire alike; they were almost too bright to look upon; and as the fountains rose and fell, they darted and fluttered in the spray, as light and as transparent and brilliant as soap-bubbles in the sun, flashing from their little wings all the beautiful colors of the rainbow!

While Timothy was looking on with admiration, he heard a silver trumpet ring through the house, and when its first notes had died away among the crystal arches, and it had begun to play in a softer air, all the myriad little voices began to sing:—

"Lightly we rise In the azure skies,

And lightly we dart away;

Lightly we roam

Through the boundless dome,

Or in pathless depths we stray!

Swifter borne

Than the steeds of morn

On eternity's motionless wing,

Flitting and fleet,

From our flying fleet

Unmeasured space we fling.

Beyond the round

Of creation's bound

In the stillness of paths untrod,

Fainting and weary

Of silence dreary,

We loiter and lag,

We falter and flag!

And when at length

We 've spent our strength Lightly we turn to God!

"God! in infinite space
Thy strength unfailing springs!
God! the light of Thy face
Tips our little wings!

"Light send us!
Strength lend us!
Bright little,
White little,
Light little
Thoughts!

"Through the works designed
By the Infinite Mind
Delighted we ceaselessly rove.
Vainly we grasp
And struggle to clasp
The measure of Infinite Love.
The mighty plan
That we cannot span
Above us towers high.
Into mysteries deep

We timidly peep, —
Into secrets profound we pry!
Deeply we ponder,
Widely we wander
In all His empire broad!
But when we would try
How high we can fly: —
And when we would gaze
On His brightest rays,
When in glory we range
And in colors strange,
Lightly we turn to God!

"God! with praises loud Seraphs before Thee sing, But we fly in behind the cloud, And nestle beneath Thy wing!

"There hide!
There abide!
Bright little,
White little,
Light little
Thoughts!"

## XII.

Capeenim the Golden-handed.

In the dream which follows, I have tried to teach the child, and the old man,

- That God is wise in not letting men live but one life on earth;
- That nothing that is really valuable will be lost at death;
- That the aged need not mourn that they cannot go back and live life over again; and
- I want the child to read it to his father and mother.

## Capeenim the Golden-handed.

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Near the eastern gate of the old and renowned city of Bagdad lived Capeenim the Golden-handed. He had come from the mountains when a mere boy, driving a shaggy-coated ass laden with fagots, which he sold done up in small bundles. Every morning as soon as the gates of the city were open, he was ready to enter with his fagots. One morning he had to wait an hour before the gate was opened. It was while standing and leaning against his ass at this time that he formed resolutions for life.

"What am I," said he to himself, "but a poor ass-driver? I have poor clothes,

and poor food, and these folks in the city go past me and almost run over me with their elephants and camels and prancing horses, and they bid me get out of the way with my ass! By the beard of Mahomet, it's too bad! Alee, my poor ass! it's too bad! I will be rich and show them what I can do; and the time will come when the bells shall tinkle on my camels, and the rich housings shall cover my horses, and my huge white elephant shall walk through these streets and toss asses and men aside, just as they now do me! Won't we, Alee? Ay, and I will have a grand house near this very gate, and I will make them open it just when I please!"

Just then the gate opened, and Capeenim drove Alee in, with a firmer step, and cried his fagots with a louder voice than ever before. He began at once to live

at the cheapest possible rate. He saved every coin, and soon began to have money to lend. Then he began to trade, and bought and sold till he became a great merchant. He had caravans of a thousand camels crossing the deserts. He had ships on the sea. He had groves of cinnamon, rich vineyards, great rice-fields, and wide tracts of country where the silk-worm and the cashmere goat were fed, and where the olive-yards sent out rivers of oil. As he grew in wealth, — wonderful to relate, he became generous and charitable! To the poor and needy he held out a hand ever open. All the beggars in Bagdad knew the very sound of his footstep, and called him "Capeenim the Golden-handed," and by this name he became known through all the land.

Seventy years soon rolled away since Capeenim stood at the gate of the city with his ass, Alee. Since then he had travelled much, visited great cities, gone to distant countries, conversed with kings and learned men, given advice himself on great national questions, had lent moneys and taken crown jewels in pledge, and received all the honors that he desired. Not forgetting his resolution, he had built a magnificent house near the eastern gate of Bagdad, and his camels had moved at the sound of tinkling bells, and his horses had pranced under rich housings, and his great white elephants had tossed asses and fagot-sellers aside, and the multitude had shouted, "Open the way for the coming of the Golden-handed!" His wife was the daughter of the Grand Vizier, and his sons, the pride of their mother, were all in high offices near the throne of the Caliph. His three daughters, the light of his dwelling, were beau-

tiful as the gardens of Damascus, noble as the towers of Enim, with voices sweet as a grove of nightingales, — with eyes bright as the flash of diamonds, and with hair that shone like the mountains of Yuma when the sunset touched their waving pines. The looms of Persia gave him carpets that looked like flowers embossed in velvet and gold, and the silks that rustled in his windows glowed with the rich colors of the rainbow. Slaves with teeth of ivory bent the knee as they held basins of rose-water to his hands, while the learned, the noble, and the beautiful of the land felt honored to be invited to enter his dwelling. The whole country rang with the praises of Capeenim the Golden-handed! The eldest son of the Caliph himself began to negotiate for the hand of his eldest daughter, whose beauty was reported to be so great, that the

strongest camel bent under the burden thereof!

Happy Capeenim! He was now advancing towards a century in age. His lofty forehead was wrinkled; his step was less elastic; his white beard hung low on his breast, and his eye had lost much of its lustre. He was full of years and honors and riches.

Alas! what mortal could ever say, "I am now satisfied"? Capeenim now began to mourn that he had drank the cup of life till it was empty. Why was it, that just as he had acquired the experience of life, and the means of doing good, and had learned how to deal with men and to advise them for their own benefit,—just as he had acquired a large experience,—his race was over, his life must end, and all his hard-earned knowledge and experience be buried in the tomb! It was

observed that he grew silent and melancholy, sad and almost morose. The new honors of his sons cheered him not; the sunbeams which his daughters carried with them everywhere, gladdened him not; the golden pipe which the Caliph had sent him, all studded with diamonds, was left unlighted and unused. His treasures received large increase, but he cared not. The only comfort he seemed to have left, was to mount his ass, - a genuine descendant of Alee, — and go off every afternoon alone, to a mountain which lay a few miles from the city. In the dim shadows of a large cavern he would sit for hours alone and mourn over the lot of man.

"Why must we die,—or if we must, why so soon? Why can we not, when we have gone through life, and obtained all its experience, and learned all we can,—why can we not go back and begin anew,

just as I wind up my diamond-set watch, and let it run another day? O that I could be young again! O that I could begin life again, instead of hanging like a withered leaf on the fig-tree, quivering in the softest zephyr, and then dropping upon the ground and lost for ever! Why should the great and wise God let all my life and experience be lost for ever? O that I could be young again!"

One afternoon as Alee was tied at the bush at the mouth of the cave, and as Capeenim was thus mourning, he became almost fierce with discontent. He had found that every day his appetite for food grew less,—his teeth seemed unwilling to do their duty, and his eyes seemed to grow more dim, so that he could hardly read a communication from the Caliph, and his memory seemed to lose some of the great facts about which the merchants of Bagdad

inquired! Alas! he, the wise, the rich, the golden-handed, must go back to dust, and all his life end in vanity. It was gold turning into rust, - diamonds into charcoal, - power into weakness, - the sun into sackcloth, - and the moon into a decayed palm-leaf. While thus brooding over these mysteries, the cavern suddenly grew dark. Capeenim thought that a cloud had suddenly rolled down the mountain and made it dark. Then the air became thick and hard to breathe. Presently he heard the rustling of wings. A flash! and the cavern was full of light. He seemed to hear soft music, and to breathe air that had floated over gardens of spices, - and there stood an angel before him! His garments seemed to have been dipped in silver, and his face looked as if ages had been used up in making it noble, and yet soft, - majestic, and yet beautiful!

With a voice so sweet that the nerves of the old man thrilled,—so musical and yet so awful that his flesh creeped, he said:

"Capeenim, what ails thee? What wilt thou? Thy groans and sighs and murmurs have been so loud that they have reached the ears of Allah, and I am sent to ask thee what is the matter? Has not the great Allah been kind to thee,—given thee a golden cup and filled it with the choicest wines of earth? Has he not given thee riches and honors and long life? What more wouldst thou have?"

"Long life!" said Capeenim, "long life indeed! Why, my life is gone, and it is nothing! I have toiled hard, and acquired experience; and now, just as I have got it, I must die, and it's all lost! all lost!"

"Well, what wouldst thou?"

"I want to be young again."

"What! go back and live life over again?"

"Indeed I would!"

"Begin just as thou wast, almost ninety years ago?"

"No! I want to begin with the experience and wisdom which these years have given me! I don't wish to go back and plod my way all over the same ground, as stupid and as ignorant as when I began. But I want to be clothed in the strength and vigor of youth, and yet have all my knowledge and experience! O then I could do something!"

"On one condition thou mayest."

"Name it! name it!" cried Capeenim, impatiently.

"Swear, by the great name of Allah, that thou wilt never reveal to mortal that thou art Capeenim, or hast lived over one life."

"I swear it cheerfully."

The angel gently touched the lips of Capeenim with the hem of his garment.

"There! I have sealed thy lips, so that thou shalt have no power to speak of thy past life. Go and be wiser and happier, and do good; but if ever thou art weary with the burdens of thy new life, come again to this cavern and call for me, and I will meet thee and take off thy load."

In a moment the angel was gone; the cave seemed to retire, and the very mountain to move off, and Capeenim found himself standing outside of the eastern gate of Bagdad, waiting for the gate to open. By his side stood a shaggy-coated ass, loaded with fagots. At first he felt degraded; but in a moment the thrill of youth ran over him. His blood flowed quick, his heart bounded in strength, he breathed easy, — his mouth was full of strong teeth, - his eye grew bright and keen, — his white hair became glossy brown,—his voice grew loud and strong,

and he began to leap and dance and shout. He seemed to himself not to walk on the ground, but on the air. He felt that he might almost walk over the very walls and houses of Bagdad. His ears had new powers, and he could clearly hear the hum of the city, and the morning song of birds in the distant grove. How elastic his step! What a luxury to live! Now for it! He would have a life that was worth something!

Just then, down on his head came the club of the watchman!

"What art thou doing here, madman, shouting and capering thus at the gate of the city? Why, thou wilt disturb the slumbers of Capeenim the Golden-handed! Take thy ass, thou fool, and get thee into the city and be quiet, or else thy feet will receive the bastinado, and thy ankles the stocks!"

Capeenim apologized as well as he could, thinking how he would have the watchman hung in irons at a proper time. With his ass and the fagots he went barefoot into the city. When he came to cry his fagots, there seemed to be such a coming down in his condition that he had little heart to it. The words seemed to choke him, and he could not shout.

"Holloa, friend," cried one, "hast thou stolen thy fagots, that thou criest them so tamely?"

"No," said a second, "but he sleeps in the marshes, and has learned to speak as the frogs do!"

"I'll teach thee manners by and by," said poor Capeenim.

"Thou wilt indeed! Well, who art thou, coming from the mountains, that teachest the honorable citizens of Bagdad?"

"Never mind," thought Capeenim, "I

am now young and can do just what I please. I have the wisdom and experience of almost an hundred years, and the elasticity and buoyancy of the youth of eighteen. But as for trudging these dirty streets and selling fagots, I have no notion nor taste for that. What's the use of all my experience if I have got to go over the same ground that I went over before?"

So he put his ass in a stable, — for which he had to give five bundles of fagots,— (for he had no money,) and then he had to give four more for some coarse food at a stall,—at which he would not have fed his dogs the day before.

Just then he felt a strong desire to see his family. The lofty gates were standing open, and he entered. The servants thought him some errand-boy, and said nothing. But the old dog, Sebo, seemed

determined to tear him in pieces. In vain he cried, "Get out, Sebo! ain't you ashamed!" The voice was a strange one, and Sebo was not ashamed, and flew at him, and bit his bare feet till they bled freely. Bleeding and cursing the dog, he ran up the well-known marble steps, and entered his own house. What a change! His wife, who, yesterday, seemed quite young, he now found to be an old, grayheaded woman, - old enough to be his grandmother. How she had altered! There were his sons, old enough to be his father, — even the youngest. There were his daughters, — too old to be his sisters! How they had altered! He looked at his wife and tried to put on that confidential, knowing look just as he had done for seventy years! He straightened up, and tried to put on airs of authority over his sons just as he used to do. He turned

to his daughters and tried to put on that quiet, dignified, and affectionate smile of the father just as he had always done. Then he recollected that he was not Capeenim as formerly, but a young man, with all the feelings of a young man, and would find it hard to call that old grandmother his wife, and those grayheaded men his sons, and those large women his daughters. What was he to do? The question was answered for him.

"What does this simpering fool want here?" says his wife. "Has he come out of the tombs where those live whom the Angel of Darkness hath smitten with lunacy?"

"He acts as if he were an ass-driver, and thought that we are asses," said the oldest son.

"He is a natural fool!" said the daughters. "And see! the monster is dropping blood on that lily in the carpet!"

"Turn him out in a moment!" said the wife to an old slave.

"And give him the bastinado on his feet!" said the sons.

"And set the dog on him afterwards, and let Sebo teach such wretches not to come here!" cried the daughters in a loud voice.

Poor Capeenim! He bounded down the marble steps quicker than ever before, and made for the gate of the street, but could not reach it before the old slave, who, the day before, would have kissed his sandal, had nearly broken his back with his staff of office, nor before the old dog, Sebo, always ready to fawn on him before, had bitten him the second time and sent him limping into the street. The gate shut behind him and he was expelled from his own house!

"That's too bad!" said Capeenim to himself. "So I have lost all! I have no wife

nor children nor home nor treasures! Well, well, I'll show them one trick at least!"

Then with a quick step,—for youth does not limp long, even for the bite of a dog,—he hurried into his Banker's office. He asked for a check, and, with a scrawling hand, filled it up for a million of goldpieces. This he signed with his old name Capeenim, and handed it to the banker, expecting to receive the gold instantly.

"Fool!" said the banker, "dost thou think I should not know this was not the signature of Capeenim the Golden-handed, even if I had not seen thee forge the paper! This stuff,—this ass-driver's handwriting, the signature of that old man! Away, thou fool, or in five minutes I'll have thy feet in the stocks or under the bastinado!"

Capeenim longed to shout, "I am Capeenim," but the angel had sealed up his lips, and he had no power to speak it.

Just then the call from the minaret. gave the hour of ten o'clock, and Capeenim knew, that after bending the knee and uncovering the head and crying, "Great is Allah, and great is the Prophet of Allah," all the Magistrates of the city, and the great, the honored, and the rich men of the provinces would come together. So when he saw them all assembled, he ran into the great Hall, and took his seat at the upper and most honored end, where he had been accustomed to sit, and where his opinions, for years, had been received as oracles. All eyes were turned at once upon the coarse, mountain-clad, and barefooted youth, as he sat trying to nod to this and that old acquaintance, as he had always done. He knew that he was older, richer, and wiser than all of them put together. But he forgot that he was a young man! "Beard of the Prophet!" cried one fat

old councillor, with a green turban on his head, "what have we here? Was there ever such audacity! Who art thou, without beard and brains, that thou comest into this presence, and even pollutest the chair of the great Capeenim the Goldenhanded? Speak, villain, speak!"

" I am — I am — I am — "

"Well, what art thou?" cried another, with flashing eyes.

"O, I am —"

He would have said Capeenim, — but he knew that he would not be believed, and moreover, the angel had sealed up his lips, and he could not say it, if he would.

Then the armed guard seized him and dragged him from the council-chamber.

"What shall be done with him?" asks an officer with a drawn cimeter.

"Give him the bastinado, and then three days in the dungeon," said the chief Mufti, "and then expel him from the city."

In vain poor Capeenim protested, or offered to make explanations. And when, from the scourging and the dungeon, he was thrust out of the east gate of the city—going directly past his own door—he began to feel desolate. His wisdom and experience qualified him to sit at the head of that Council-Hall, but his youth and circumstances only qualified him to collect fagots and drive an ass!

As he hobbled along, (for his feet were very sore from the bastinado,) he saw some young men playing ball. He tried to join them and enjoy their mirth; but he had nothing new to learn, and their conversation and jokes seemed so tame and childish that he could not enjoy them. His head was too old to associate with youth.

"Pray, old fellow!" said one, "where didst thou come from? Thou seemest to be young and lively, but thy speech is so

wise, and thou takest on such airs, that we cannot have thee with us. Thy head has got on the wrong body. Be off with thy wisdom!"

Capeenim turned away, feeling that he was a sort of double man. His thoughts and soul belonged to an old man. His body was young. When his feet felt like running and jumping, his mind felt that it was undignified and foolish to do so.

As he passed along, he met one of his own great caravans coming towards the city, heavily laden with rich silks. He stopped, and felt sure that the head-driver would fall down before him as usual; but instead of that, the fellow cursed him for being in the way, cut him across the face with his long whip, while one of the old, lame camels kicked him over into the sand. He arose in great wrath,—shook his fist at all the laughing drivers, and threatened

to have every soul of them whipped to within an inch of his life. But they only laughed the louder, and asked if he was not a pretty fellow to get in the way of the caravan of the great Capeenim the Golden-handed? Then he remembered that he had no power to claim his own, or to punish his own servants.

"Well," said he to himself, "I am young, and I can enjoy myself at any rate!"

"Don't be a fool," said second thoughts.
"What a specimen of enjoyment hast thou had thus far? Thou hast been accustomed to luxuries, and to splendor, and to have thy will a law, in everything and everywhere, and to have thy servants, thy family, and even the chief Mufti of the nation, bow to thee! Thou hast been accustomed to manage great caravans, and great business, to form great schemes, to give advice to princes, and to have the wisest of men

bend to thee, and how art thou to be contented with the things intrusted to youth? What a fool to exchange what thou hast been, for what thou art now!"

After having wandered through the country, from village to village, without finding any employment in which he was willing to engage, he silently crept back into the city, and put on the apron and entered himself an apprentice to a barber. Here the great men of the city assembled to have their beards trimmed, — their heads anointed with the perfume of the civet-cat, and to talk and to smoke. As they discussed subjects of great importance, Capeenim now and then dropped a remark or a suggestion such as he knew would be received with applause and admiration in the council-chamber, were he in his old place; but they would pay no attention to it now, except to say, "Young man, I

hope thou wilt make a good barber in time, but these subjects are above thee! None but an ignorant youth would presume to instruct the wisest men of renowned Bagdad!"

Sometimes he would give a hint to a merchant which was the result of the experience of his life, and by which, if properly used, that merchant might make his fortune, but he would hear him say, "Young man, when thou hast had as many years go over thee as I have had, thou wilt know better than to say things so weak and foolish! Is thy head put on thy shoulders strong, that thou venturest to meddle with things too high for thee?"

Poor Capeenim! he could not associate with the young, for his tastes were too mature, his knowledge too great, his views too large, his experience too wide! Their amusements seemed too childish and

foolish to him. Things, over which they laughed and shouted, were tame and childish to him. Things that looked large to them, looked small to him. And yet he could run with the fleetest, wrestle with the strongest, and shout with the loudest; but when he came to catch himself doing these things, he seemed to feel ashamed, and at once put on the looks and the walk and the gait of age. He could not associate with the wise and the great and the strong men, for how could they expect or look for advice or knowledge, which would be of any worth, to come from the inexperience of youth, - and he a barber! His experience fitted him for great duties and acts, but this very experience unfitted him to be willing to begin again at the bottom of the ladder and work upwards. He wanted to be an old man and a young man at the same time, — to have two opposite characters,—to have two opposite tastes; to be a man and a child at the same time; to make the beginning and the end of life the same thing.

The barber's shop was near the palace. And at length, the Caliph, Lord of the world, while playing the kingly game of leap-frog with his chief umbrella-carrier, accidentally upset a golden lamp, and burned his sacred beard and his more sacred face, — till they both looked like a singed piece of parchment. The face of royalty had no power to look fire out of countenance, and so it was badly burned. It so happened that the chief barber was sick,—when sent for in great haste to go to the palace,—for barbers, in those countries, are considered a kind of physician. So the messenger came to the shop in which Capeenim served, and, being too frightened to see whom he was addressing, bade Capeenim to hasten to the royal presence. When introduced, he found men and women running to and fro, chattering and groaning, all too much bewildered to know what they were about. It was now that Capeenim's experience came into use, for he remembered how his own face had been burned over sixty years ago, and how he had received relief by covering his face with oil. Without any ado, and while the royal physicians were consulting and talking loud and almost fighting as to what they should do, - one insisting that brandy should be used as a wash,—a second, no less positive, that if they would hold a great pan of live coals near his Majesty's face, it would drive all the fire out, just as a pond would swallow a tumbler of water,—a third insisted that charcoal, bandaged tight to the face, would do it, — and another, that there is nothing like lunar-caustic for a burn,—it being of

the nature of fire, would drive it out, just as a tame wolf would drive away a score of wild ones, — I say, that while they were thus consulting, the young barber had the royal face safely bound up in cotton, soaked in sweet oil. When the doctors came in and found what had been done, they assured his Majesty that it would kill him dead, or at least ruin his face for ever, and put out that emblem of the sun, by covering it with scars! But the Caliph had felt so much relief from the pain, by Capeenim's application, that he declared he would not have it taken off, and that his chief eunuch should cut off the head of the first man who spake against it. The royal physicians shook their heads, made up wry faces, whispered about a successor to the caliphate, and were unanimous in one opinion, namely, that hanging would be too good by half for the young barber!

For a few days Capeenim was in high favor at court. How he longed to tell the Caliph who he was! The chief Sultana had condescended to consult him about the health of a favorite lap-dog which had sadly burned his tongue by licking the hot curling-tongs of his mistress, and then had further inflamed it by licking something off her cheeks, — he knew not what!

But on the fourth day, when, in presence of all the physicians and the royal family, the cotton came to be removed, and there was actually the appearance of a scar on the yet unhealed face,—there was a murmur and then a loud clamor against poor Capeenim. The women wept and howled, the men groaned and shook their heads, and the physicians were almost frantic,—to think that they had not knocked the impudent creature down and dressed the royal face scientifically!

What's the use of science and art and study, if it is all to be set aside, and oil—nothing but oil used for a royal burn!

The Caliph stood by poor Capeenim up to this point, but now, when all the pain was gone, and when all the physicians and friends assured him that his face was for ever ruined, he too fell a weeping and mourning over the great calamity. In vain Capeenim assured them that in three days more the Caliph's face would be well, with not a mark or a scar on it. All to no purpose! They all declared that death was the mildest possible punishment for having mutilated the glory of the earth. But the Caliph interposed, and mercy abounded, so that he received only two hundred blows with the bastinado, and six months of the most rigorous imprisonment. The whole city was in admiration with a punishment so mild—for a barber - who not only had dared look Majesty in the face, but actually to wrap that face up in oil! Capeenim was young and vigorous, and therefore the punishment did not kill him. But at the end of the six months he came out of the dungeon pale and feeble. He went back to the barber, but he could not be guilty of taking back an apprentice who had dared go to the palace when his master was sent for, to the imminent danger of the life of him who was brother to the sun and moon. His red-haired daughter, who used to look kindly at him, would not see him now, and Jacko the monkey ran the whole length of his chain to try to bite him, and Poll the parrot kept screaming, "Poor fool! poor fool!"

With tears, Capeenim turned away. To be sure he had experience, and he had youth, but he had not a mouthful of food, nor a friend in the world, nor confidence in himself!

What a curse to have years and experience and wisdom and the caution of age, united to the inexperience, the daring, the hopefulness of youth, and to try to make these two opposites work together! Two men could not be more unlike than he was unlike himself. Faint and brokenhearted, he dragged himself out of the city to his cavern. There he threw himself on the ground, and cried aloud in agony: "O angel, angel, come to me again!"

In a moment, the light flashed through the cavern, and the rustling of wings was again heard, and the beautiful angel stood before him.

- "Thou calledst me?"
- "O yes, most earnestly."
- "What wilt thou?"
- "O restore me to my former condition!"
- "Wilt thou never murmur again at the ways of God, and wish thyself young again?"

"Never! I see my folly. I am willing to walk in the path of age, just as God hath marked out for mortals."

"Be it so. God hath restored thee. Sin no more. Never forget that God is wise. All the experience thou hast had, so far as it is wrought into thy character, and has helped to make thy character, will survive the grave, and be a part of thyself in the life to come. It will not be lost, it will not be left behind thee. That experience which now enables thee to give advice to kingdoms, will fit thee for higher and nobler duties in the life to come. The child will leave his top on becoming a man, but the skill he acquired in learning to spin it, will help him to do greater things. The sound judgment and the good heart acquired here, are like gold and diamonds, good in any country. The sun has not used up his light and heat because he has gone below the horizon: he carries them with him. And

thou, O child of earth, shalt have and use, in heaven—if fitted for heaven—all that is worth carrying with thee!"

The angel took his flight, and with him fled the light. Capeenim found himself lying just where he placed himself when he entered the cave. It was now past twilight when he came out. The patient Alee stood just where he had tied her. He rode back to the city,—the same old man that left it, — almost trembling lest his wife would not know him, or lest his sons turn him out of doors, or his daughters set the dog on him, or his servant cane him, or the Caliph bastinado him again. But when he reached his magnificent house, and found his wife looking no older than she used to look, and his sons rising up with reverence, and his daughters hastening to greet him, and all telling him how anxious they were, because he had been gone a full hour longer than usual, -

and when the old servant came in and knelt to his master with the silver basin of rose-water, and when the old dog, Sebo, crouched at his feet and whined for the privilege of licking his hand, and when a message came from the Caliph, asking his advice on a question which must shape the destiny of the empire for all future time, — and in the giving of which advice, he might hope to do more good than during a long life of ordinary usefulness,— Capeenim felt that he might still be useful and happy, and could still use his wisdom and experience for the good of men!

From that day, Capeenim never visited his cavern again. He grew cheerful and contented and happy. The whole city compared him to the great sun, as he hangs in the western sky, never so large, and never so beautiful, as when just about to set.

He lived many years, and then went down to the grave, great and wise and good,—never wishing to go back again to youth in this life. And when at length he was gathered to his fathers, the whole city followed him to the grave, and all insisted on it, that no other epitaph should be on his tombstone, except that of "CAPPEENIM THE GOLDEN-HANDED."

And thus, though he could not renew his youth, and live his life over again, yet it is said, that the influence of this man's life lives, and, like an unseen spirit, still whispers words of hope and encouragement to all. "Being dead, he yet speaketh." His very tomb has crumbled away, and no man can now tell where he sleeps, yet may not the story of his life, which we have just read, give lessons of contentment and faith in the wisdom of God for many years to come?

## XIII.

Little Sunbenm.

A story to show,

That it is wrong for those who have the means of doing good, to waste life over imaginary sorrows; for,

A feeble instrument can make many happy.

## Bittle Sunbeam.

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The bells of the village spire were just chiming seven, as the sun was setting behind the hills of Ware, bathing the clouds in crimson and gold, and spreading a soft purple over the river and hills and fields and sky. The birds were unheard, for the robin and lark and thrush had expended all their powers of song in the morning, and the nighthawk and whippoorwill, thought it hardly dark enough yet to venture forth. The cattle were quietly wending their way homeward, and the fish were leaping joyfully in the river. The villagers were gathered joyfully on the green, engaged in bowling and dancing,

or were enjoying the beautiful evening and the lively scene, from their cottage doors.

Little of that glorious light penetrated through the dark forest to the frowning castle of Rockburn, and stole into the luxurious library of the gloomy Earl. Two tall firs stood like two sentinels before the windows to forbid its entrance, and if a ray of light succeeded in eluding them, it was caught and indignantly repulsed by the heavy damask curtains, whose presence spread a solemn light around. Only one little sunbeam found its way in and compelled the twilight to linger. It was a bright little sunbeam; it danced impatiently upon the pendants that dangled droopingly from the chandelier; it flashed gayly for an instant upon the clock-face; it slanted wearily and darkly over the sombre velvet cushion on the carpet, not far from the chair in which the Earl was

sitting, shading his face with his hand. He sighed heavily; and almost like an echo he heard a musical little laugh: "Ha! ha! ha!"

He started and looked around. Upon the marble mantelpiece a beautiful alabaster clock swung its golden pendulum back and forth. But it could not have been the clock that laughed; it was an uncommonly sedate clock, and had never been guilty of any impropriety in its life. In the grate, the coals burned with a little blue, creeping flame, but noiselessly. The Earl looked behind him. Upon the high Gothic book-cases stood a row of busts, in bronze and marble, of ancient worthies, whose grim, fixed features and vacant eyes formed a strange contrast with the boisterous little laugh. He looked at the paintings, but not even a smile disturbed the repose of the faded countenances. He

looked at the windows, but no one was looking in, except the two green sentinels. who waved their long arms stiffly in the evening breeze. Upon the table a delicate little female, exquisitely carved in ivory, stood upon the edge of a shell, and bending over, seemed to smile at her own reflection in a little sea of ink,—but it was the smile that she always wore. Finally, he looked at the little head carved in wood that surmounted the back of his easy-chair, and it grinned and ran out its tongue and protruded its goggle eyes at him, — just as it always had done, but uttered not a sound.

"Ha! ha! ha!"

There it was again! the merriest, jolliest little laugh in the world. The Earl looked upon the carpet, and there, standing upon tiptoe in the centre of the spot of light, stood a little mite of an angel! He was

a chubby little fellow, with a round little head covered with sunny little ringlets; with fat little hands and short, thick little wings, that wagged quickly back and forth, keeping time to a fierce little nodding of his head. His face was brilliantly lighted up with a smile, and his eyes fairly snapped with intensity of expression. He was strangely dressed in a little suit that vied with Joseph's coat in number and variety of colors. From his whole person there seemed to beam a radiance that filled the whole room, and gave him the appearance of moving in a cloud of light. Whirling rapidly round, first on the toe of one foot, and then on that of the other, and dancing madly about, he finally seated himself by a tremendous spring on a footstool, and after swinging his little drumstick legs backward and forward once or twice, he threw himself backward and relapsed into a paroxysm of laughter.

"Ha! ha! ha! He! he! he!"

Musically and softly came forth the sounds as the dropping of water upon a silver bell. Suddenly starting up erect again, he looked at the Earl with mock solemnity, and deliberately winked his left eye.

The Earl could not help feeling amused, in spite of his wonder. He slightly smiled.

"What's the matter, my lord?" cried the little angel. "Here you are sitting by yourself this beautiful evening in this gloomy place! Are you sick?"

"No," replied the Earl, "I am not sick—unless it be of life!"

"Well, then, what is the matter? Is there anything wrong in your family?"

"No," answered the Earl; "my wife and children are very well."

"Yes, and very beautiful too," rejoined the little angel. "You ought to be proud of them. And how is it about your property—are you likely to lose that?"

"No," was the reply again; "I have more than enough!"

"Your estate is magnificent?"

The Earl nodded.

"And your stocks are all secure?"

The Earl nodded again, and smiled.

"And your jewels in the old safe in the wall yonder?" pursued the angel in a whisper.

The Earl started as if surprised, but nodded again.

"Well, then," exclaimed the little persecutor, starting up and strutting from one end of the footstool to the other, with his hands clasped behind him, "what is the matter?"

"I am disappointed," said the Earl. "My

friends have deceived me, and I find the pleasures and honors of life empty and dissatisfying! Life has become a burden to me!"

"Ahem!" coughed the little angel, looking stealthily up from under his eyebrows.

"You have not the dyspepsia, I suppose?"

"No, nothing of the kind."

"Ahem! how is it that these friends have disappointed you? You have never disappointed them I suppose?"

The Earl did not answer, but looked musingly into the fire.

"And is it," continued the angel, pertinaciously,—"is it for their sakes or your own that this sad conduct of theirs grieves you?"

Perhaps it was only the reflection of the blaze of the fire, but the little angel fancied that the Earl blushed. Whereupon he turned three somersets briskly upon the footstool, and then deliberately resumed his walking, with his hands behind him as before,—just as if nothing had happened.

"So you don't think this world a very pleasant place?"

"No," said the Earl; "it is *full* of misery; even its happiness is hollow!"

"And it's because you see other people suffering so much, after your earnest and repeated efforts to relieve them, that you grieve so much?"

Perhaps the Earl blushed again; at any rate, the little sprite thought so, and began to dance about at a furious rate and in great glee.

"Hark!" exclaimed he, stopping suddenly. "I don't think the world is so very miserable after all! Hark, will you?"

The Earl listened, and heard through

the open window the murmuring sounds of merry laughter, and gay voices from the distant village green.

"But I forget," continued the angel,
"that you see through it all so much
better than they do!"

The Earl muttered something indistinctly.

"You have had wonderful experience of the world for a man who is so young, and has shut himself up in his room for so many years, and has mingled with men so little!"

The Earl nestled uneasily in his chair, and looked as if he wished his strange little visitor would leave him.

"may be well enough off, but in the cities, in the dirty lanes, and among the factories—"

"True," cried the little angel, inter-

rupting him, "and that makes me think when were you last among your own operatives over at the H—— mills?"

The Earl frowned and was silent.

"I hope, my lord, that your grief is not at all selfish?"

The Earl's head dropped.

There was a long pause, during which the little angel employed himself in making sundry singular evolutions that looked as if he were trying to have a game of leapfrog all by himself.

"Please, my lord, read to me a little out of that big book which you were reading just before I came in."

The Earl took up the book wearily, and began to turn over the leaves. It was a large quarto volume splendidly bound, and illustrated with beautiful steel engravings. The little angel seated himself sedately, with his legs crossed under him,

and folded his dimpled little hands in rapt attention. At length the Earl began to read: "I have not loved the world, nor the world me—"

"Holloa!" shouted the little angel, springing up to his feet again, "what's this? What fool wrote this? Don't read any more of it! How could he expect the world to love him, if he didn't love the world? Dear me! Do you spend your time in reading such stuff as this? I'll tell you what, my lord! I think I can do something for you, but I have n't time to-night. I'll come again early in the morning if you will meet me here. Good night!"

So saying he disappeared,—not through the window, but right where he was standing. He was gone as quick as a thought. The amazed Earl rubbed his eyes, but it did no good. With his visitor had also disappeared the bright spot that had lingered first on the carpet, and then on the footstool. The sun had set.

The nobleman slept late the next morning. He had sat so long the night before, pondering the words and visit of the mysterious little stranger, that he slept soundly at last.

When he entered his library his ears were greeted with a tumultuous rustling of paper, and looking to see the cause he espied the little sprite mounted upon his quill pen, cantering gayly over the books and papers on his table, as a witch is supposed to ride a broomstick, or as a child rides a cane.

"You are late this morning. I have been wanting your help. I have been trying to find that line that you read to me last night. It puzzles me exceedingly."

So saying he dropped his feathered horse

and ran to the great book, and began to turn over the leaves. They were so large and heavy, that the only way that he could turn them was by lifting one corner of one, and then getting under it by tugging and lifting, to run along under it, and so turn it over. The Earl good-naturedly helped him to find the place, and he read it, spelling out each word slowly, — for the letters were so large that he could see only a few of them at a time: "I h-a-v-e n-o-t l-o-v-e-d t-h-e w-o-r-l-d, n-o-r t-h-e w-o-r-l-d m-e-e-e-e-!" The little creature drawled out the last word most ludicrously.

"That's what I can't understand," said he; "for as I understand from report, the author did love the world very much, and all its pleasures, if he did consider them hollow; and the world loved him too, and flattered him amazingly, and if he did n't enjoy it, it was only because he was so

supremely selfish that he could not! Dignified, too, is n't it, whining over his troubles for every one to hear, and manly too! But come, my lord, you must go with me today."

So saying, he pointed to a white cap and a pair of white slippers, lying on the table.

"Put them on," said he.

The Earl did so, and found that with the slippers he could move swiftly through the air, at his slightest wish, and that with the cap on his head, he became invisible so that he could not see himself in the glass. They flew away immediately out of the window.

But Little Sunbeam could not go far without stopping. He was the busiest little creature alive. They were hardly in the forest, when he stopped and bent over a little violet that just raised her

face covered with dew, at the foot of a great chestnut-tree. Little Sunbeam kissed away the tears from the face that was turned lovingly up to him, and breathed a delightful fragrance round; and then drawing a little brush from his bosom, he brightened and freshened every tint of color. Then darting away among the leaves of the old trees, he danced and flitted from one to another, till they all shook and rustled with laughter under his airy step! Sometimes he skipped over the nodding, smiling heads of a field of grain, or frolicked madly over the velvet grass, or dropped suddenly into the babbling brook, and came out flashing and sparkling and laughing brighter than ever. Sometimes he hovered near a peach or apple hanging on the tree, till the downy cheeks blushed crimson under the gaze of his bright little eyes. Nothing was too small for him to

see, and nothing so large as to intimidate him. Everything seemed to welcome him as an old friend. The tallest trees and the tiniest spire of grass smiled to greet him. He fluttered over the pastures, and the cow stood patiently chewing her cud, with her eyes half closed, and her ears thrown back, as if she loved his sunny tread upon her neck; over the river he flew, and the fish leaped out with fresher and brighter spots upon his scales, and echoed back his melodious laugh with a fish-like chuckle; over the hedge, and the birds fluttered their gaudy wings and broke out into songs; over the wall, and the squirrel cocked up his tail more fiercely and laughed aloud; over the freshlyplouged earth, and the bugs and slimy worms went crawling away down in great disgust into the cold and wet and dark ground; over the newly-sown fields, and little green buds and spires started up under his footsteps. He was very busy. He did not seem to do much, but everywhere that his warm step was felt, or his gay little laugh was heard, the world seemed happier and brighter and better.

And now they came to the village. He looked in at the cathedral window and walked palely for a moment upon the pale stone floor, but he did not stay long; for, said he, "it makes me shiver; and besides, bah! how this stuff that they call incense smells!"

He stopped in the village churchyard, and kissed a flower that was blooming at the grave of a little child. He burned brightly upon the doorstep of a cottage, and the old dog that was lying there wagged his tail and winked a welcome. He peeped in at the window, and the old cat stretched herself and walked yawn-

ingly and purringly up to rub herself upon the bright spot that shone upon the leg of the kitchen table. The little housewife welcomed him with a smile and a "Good morning, Little Sunbeam," and she hummed a soft song as she went about her work with a lighter heart. Even the teakettle hissed and roared a noisy laugh in complacency at his appearance. He looked in at another window of a cottage, and a sick woman raised her head from the pillow with a languid smile, — "Good morning, Little Sunbeam!" "Good morning," said he; "I have just looked in again to see how you are getting along, and to freshen up these flowers of yours in the window a little, and to brighten up the old room, and paint a little spot on the wall for you to watch, — but I can't stay long this time. I am very busy."

He looked through a dirty, broken win-

dow into a dingy little shop where a shoemaker sat at work. The floor was garnished with bits of leather and heaps of dirt. The ceiling was adorned with spiders' webs,—especially one great web over a dark hole and an ugly looking spider in the middle of it. There was an uncomfortable and disconsolate air about everything. The man sat on his bench with a shoe between his knees. His face was dark and gloomy, and his long black beard and heavy eyebrows gave him a savage look. Every time that he drew the threads, he groaned as only a shoemaker can.

"Hôlloa!" shouted Little Sunbeam, "this won't do!" So in he darted. He glanced at the spider, and he scampered away into his hole. He burned upon the floor till the bits of leather seemed to be figures in a sunny carpet. He danced upon the lapstone till it was so hot that it burned

the shoemaker's fingers. He played with the shoemaker's hair and pulled his beard, till at last the frown relaxed into a grim smile, and he finally burst out into a loud laugh and song: "Haw! haw! haw!"

"When I was a sailor-boy,
A sailing on the sea."

"Ho! ho! ho!" echoed Little Sunbeam.

Next he peeped into the village school.

The mistress was leaning her aching head upon her hand, tired out with noise and confusion and stupidity of the whole school-room. One little girl was standing at the desk with her slate, while the tears were running down her cheeks, and the other scholars were an anxious look.

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed Little Sunbeam. The teacher raised her head and smiled.

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed Little Sunbeam. The scholars laughed too, and the anxious look was gone. "Ha! ha! ha!" laughed Little Sunbeam. And then he played with the little girl's curls, till she shook them cheerfully back; and he danced upon the slate so brightly that the sum could not help coming right.

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed Little Sunbeam. And the cheerful hum of the school began again. He actually made so much disturbance that they tried to shut him out by a newspaper pinned against the window; but there was a little hole in it through which he thrust his little head, and winked so comically that the children all laughed again.

He heard the noise of the mill, and hurried away to see what the miller was doing. He found him standing by a pile of heavy bags of meal, a part of which he had carried away. He look tired and discouraged, and almost ready to swear.

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed Little Sunbeam,

as he took hold of one end of one of the bags and tugged away at it.

"Heave ho!"

Forty Little Sunbeams could not have raised it; but when the miller saw him lifting and pulling, and heard his little grunting and groaning, he laughed a broad, hearty laugh, and threw the bag over his shoulder and walked away, whistling as lightly as if he were carrying a feather. The little angel then leaped through a window into a noisy factory, and flew without fear or hesitation or danger from one loom to another, and from one flying wheel and band to another. The greasy and dirty men and women who were wearily and gloomily tending the machinery, grew more cheerful, and laughed to see his antics on the shining iron frames and wheels, and on the scarred and stained walls, or among their little pots of sickly flowers

in the windows. Even the machinery, that had before kept up a sullen, angry roar, seemed now to change its mood, and to whirl away with a lively, merry rattle.

When at last they returned to the library, the Earl was more discouraged and disgusted with himself than ever. He pulled off the cap and slippers and threw himself down in his easy-chair.

"Well, now," exclaimed the little angel, perching himself on the edge of the table, "what do you think of my mode of life? Is it not better than to sit here moping by one's self?"

"Ah," sighed the Earl, "it is out of my power to make people happy as you can!"

"Out of your power?" repeated Little Sunbeam; "why, you have strength and wealth and influence, and you might do almost any amount of good, and make almost any number of people happy. I

can't do much! I'm only a poor Little Sunbeam. I have neither money nor influence, nor anything else; I can only go about and laugh and sing a little!"

"It will do very well for you, who are so young —"

"Young!" interrupted the little angel, and he gave so shrill a whistle that it made the Earl jump.

"It will do very well for you, but not for me, who have no life or spirit! I have no interest in such an existence, or desire for it. It is very useful no doubt, but I am not suited to it!"

There was a long pause, during which the angel eyed the nobleman, and the nobleman eyed the fire, and the goggleeyed, jolly little head on the back of his chair seemed to eye both and to laugh inwardly.

"Come, now," said Little Sunbeam, "you

have been out with me on a little expedition; now let us take a walk, and I will go with you and see how your friends salute you."

The Earl assented, but not willingly, and it was not long before they were equipped and ready for their walk. The Earl, with hat and cane, walked slowly and gloomily before, his eyes bent upon the ground, and the little angel, with a tiny pair of white slippers on his feet, and a tiny white cap on his head, came puffing and panting behind, half running and half flying with his fat little wings.

As they passed through the house, the children, warned by the heavy tread and the "sh!" of their mother, left their play and retreated behind the chairs, and peeped timidly through them, and whispered to one another, "Father's cross!" and the mother paused a moment in her sewing

to cast an anxious and fearful glance upon her husband, and to sigh. As they went through the yard, the house-dog hung his tail between his legs, and slunk away, dropping his head and casting frequent, sheepish glances behind him. As they went through the wood, the birds stopped singing, and flew away from before them, and the squirrels let fall their tails and darted away to their holes. As they passed the men at work in the fields, they worked harder and pretended not to see them. The passengers in the streets hastened to turn the corners before they came up, or if they were obliged to meet the Earl, went past with a sulky, hang-dog air, and barely touched their hats by way of greeting. The women who were here and there talking with one another at their doors or windows, drew back and closed them, looking with pity upon the rich nobleman as ne passed. As they approached the school-house, the children, who were enjoying a noisy recess, left their game of "tag," and ran behind the wood-pile; and one little girl with flaxen curls, who could not run fast enough, and to whom the Earl tried to speak, began to cry.

They went by the mill, and the miller left off whistling at the door, and went in to fill the hopper. They went through the factory, and the "hands" scowled at him when he had passed, and muttered curses upon the man who had never visited them, even when Betsy Watkins broke her arm in the belt of her loom, or when Tom Peters's cow fell into the ditch and broke her neck, and could give no more milk to his babies. The walk was over.

"Ha!" cried Little Sunbeam, rubbing his hands, when he had recovered his breath again, "we have had a fine walk, have n't we? Enjoyed it a good deal, my lord, did n't you?"

"No," snarled out the Earl, "I did not enjoy it. I never do. I wish that I need never go out again. I am not happy, and I cannot make others so!"

"Well, I did not enjoy it much either," replied the little angel, "but I thought you would."

He sat down on the rug as if in despair.

"Now," continued he, in a doubtful tone, "I don't know what to do for you. I wanted to find something that would make you happy, and that you would enjoy, but I don't meet with very good success. Never mind! cheer up, my lord! We'll have it yet. Come with me once more, and if I don't find it this time, I'll give it up."

The Earl slowly put on the slippers and cap again, and they flew away. Swift as

the wind they went over hill and valley many a league, till they arrived at the borders of the west. They alighted upon a very singular country, such as the Earl had never seen before; - few men have seen it. and those who have, never wish to see it again. The sun hung in thick masses of cloud, and shed a faint lurid light around. It seemed never to have really shone here. The trees were almost leafless. The grass was white, and consisted of a few long scattered blades. The water did not run in merry brooks, but stood in stagnant pools, mantled with a slimy green. The rocks were sharp and frowning, and covered with dirty brown lichens. In the sighing trees, the only birds heard were an occasional solemn owl, or some wild night-screamer. In the creamy waters a few desolate frogs broke the silence, with what seemed a mixture of half sobs and

half croaks, and the dark rocks echoed the lonely howl of the jackal, the shriek of the loon, and the crying of the catamount. As the Earl stumbled along over the stones, he lost one of his slippers, which the little Sunbeam immediately seized.

"Here, my lord, I leave you! Good evening." So saying he flew away. The Earl started and attempted to follow, but having only one slipper, he tumbled heels over head.

Who can tell the misery of the fearful night that followed! He walked up and down, stumbling over the roots of trees, and into puddles of water, till he was cold and sore. It seemed as if the night would never go past. He had time to think of the wretchedness of the place; of all the follies and sins that he had ever been guilty of; of all the means and possibilities of escape; and the more he thought, the more desperate seemed his condition.

Morning came at last, if it was morning. It was the same lurid light that returned. As he gazed at the pallid sun, he thought he heard a voice singing. He listened, for it was unexpected, and seemed strangely out of place. It certainly was singing, and he could just eatch the words:—

"Poor Little Sunbeam
Has n't any money!
But his little pencils paint
Little flowers when they faint;
With the crimson of his lips
Every downy cheek he tips;
On his wings he swiftly brings
To the cells of silky bells
Little stores of honey;
And he does a world of good,
Trying to be sunny.

"Poor Little Sunbeam
Has n't any power!
But he carries in his pocket
Little bags of yellow gold.

Golden smiles and golden music,
And the golden words of old.
In the steps of sordid Care
These he scatters everywhere.
Softly treading, radiance shedding,
Oft he makes the heart that aches
Sunny for an hour,
—
And he paints the bow of Hope
On Affliction's shower.

"Poor Little Sunbeam Has n't any —"

"O Little Sunbeam!" interrupted the unhappy Earl, — "O Little Sunbeam! where are you?"

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed Little Sunbeam, swinging to and fro upon the bough where he was perched,—"Ho! ho! ho!"

"O Little Sunbeam, Little Angel! take me away from this horrible place!"

"Horrible!" returned Little Sunbeam, as if in surprise,—"horrible!—as-ton-ish-ing!

Why, I thought this was just the place for you. Don't you like this? As-ton-ishing!"

"O Little Angel! I beg of you to take me away!"

"Well, now," exclaimed Little Sunbeam, lifting up his hands in surprise, "I am amazed! Why, what do you want? You want solitude and gloom, and here you have it! You want to be undisturbed, and here no one comes to deceive or trouble you. The world is hollow and heartless and disappointing, but it does not intrude itself here to vex you. O, you must be mistaken! It's just the thing for you. To be sure, it does n't suit me very well, but it's just the thing for a man of your complexion. You surely can't help being happy here!"

"O Little Angel! I shall perish here! I can't live here! Please to take me away!"

"Oho! this is a pretty state of things! You want all your property, all your luxuries, all that everybody can do for you to make you happy, while you do nothing for any one else, but shut yourself up and brood over imaginary sorrows! No! no! I love to make people happy, but I'll try to make your friends happy for a while now,—so good bye, good bye!" and kissing his hand playfully, he darted away.

"O Little Angel!" began the unhappy nobleman; but it was too late. Little Sunbeam was gone.

He sank down into a stupor, disturbed only by indistinct visions and dreams;—dreaming that his property, which he had misused, was taken away from him; that his mansion was burned;—dreaming of unhappy families in his employment which he might have relieved; dreaming of the wife and friends who had patiently borne with his moody and unsociable humors;

dreaming of his children, who had feared his gloomy spirit and darkened face!

Unable any longer to endure this agony of spirit, he gave a deep groan and raised his head. No longer in the desolate region, he found himself in his own pleasant library; he found himself in his own easy-chair, with the cool evening air blowing on his face, and the golden sunlight dancing on the wall!

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed the little voice; "please, my lord, read me a little more out of that big book, will you?"

The Earl started up, and threw the volume across the room,—but it did not frighten Little Sunbeam.

"Ha! ha! ha! Ho! ho! ho!" cried he, as he sprang to the chandelier, and there balanced himself for his final flight, "Ha! ha! ha!"

And he broke out in song, as he poised his little wings:—

"Who would be a noble lord,
And in frowning castle lonely stay,
Waiting for the heavy hours
Wearily to drag away?

I would rather be
A little Sunbeam!
Swift as light his airy flight,
Pretty and fleet his nimble feet,
And a round little face
Full of glee!

"Who would suffer over again
Griefs that are past, and forgotten pain?
Who would anticipate coming care,
And tremble at fears and visions of air?

I would rather be
A little Sunbeam,
Laughing and gay the livelong day,
Living and loving while he may,
With a dapper little suit,—
Just like me!

"Who would over troubles whine,
And in selfish sorrow for ever pine,
Forgetting the suffering and sin
The rest of the world is lying in?

I would rather be
A little Sunbeam:
A little elf forgetful of self,
The world to beguile with a sunny smile
Of its weariness and
Drudgery.

"Flashed through space from the burning face
Of the glorious, rolling sun,
Covered with light as a mantle bright
Of threads of silver spun,
The world to bless with my warm caress
I linger for a day,
On the crimson flush of the evening's blush
I dearly love to play,
But when shadows deep around me creep,
Hanging the twilight gray,
In a golden boat I slowly float
On the purple flood away!"

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